

# AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

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### To Correspondents.

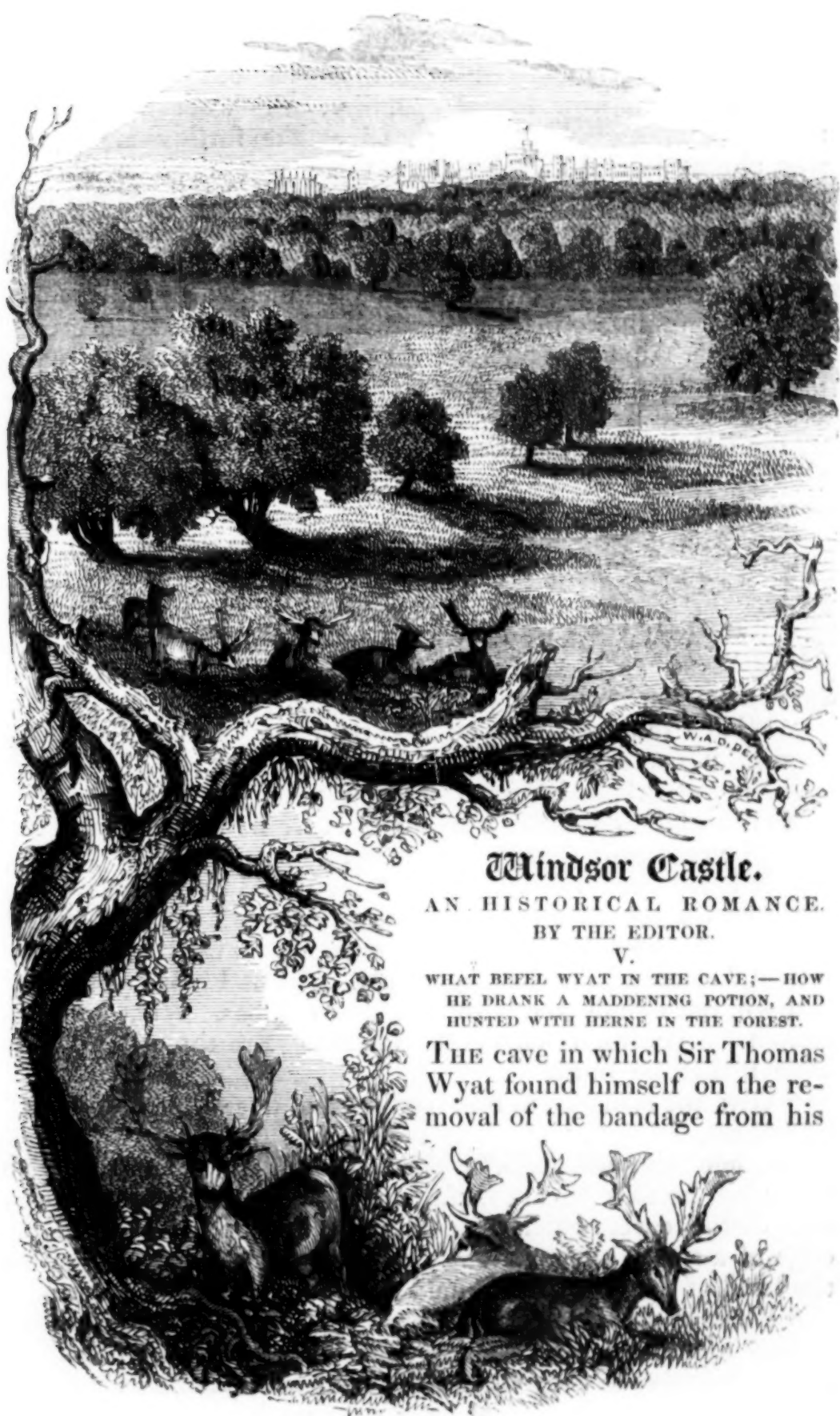
Communications are at our Publishers' for the Author of "A Caution to the Fair Sex," O. M., J. J. C., J. K., L. A. U., and Juvenis.

Declined with thanks—"The Voice of the Departing Year," and the "Translation from Beranger."

"F. F." is requested to send an address.

\*.\* Correspondents are requested to keep copies of all short pieces. No such articles will be returned.





## Windsor Castle.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

WHAT BEFEL WYAT IN THE CAVE;—HOW  
HE DRANK A MADDENING POTION, AND  
HUNTED WITH HERNE IN THE FOREST.

THE cave in which Sir Thomas  
Wyat found himself on the re-  
moval of the bandage from his

eyes was apparently—for it was only lighted by a single torch,—of considerable width and extent, and hewn out of bed of soft sand-stone. The roof, which might be about ten feet high, was supported by the trunks of three large trees, rudely fashioned into the shape of pillars. There were several narrow lateral openings, which seemed to communicate with other caverns; and at the further end, which was almost buried in obscurity, there was a gleam that appeared to be produced by the reflection of the torchlight upon water. On the right hand was a pile of huge stones, disposed somewhat in the form of a Druidical altar, on top of which, as on a throne, sat the demon hunter, surrounded by his satellites,—one of whom, horned and bearded like a goat, and decorated with a long tail, had clambered the roughened sides of the central pillar to hold a torch over the captive's head.

Half-stifled by the noxious vapour he had inhaled, and blinded by the tightness of the bandage, it was some time before Wyat fully recovered his powers of sight and utterance. At length, he spoke.

“Why am I brought hither, false fiend?” he demanded.

“To join my band,” replied the demon, harshly and imperiously.

“What, scour the woods with a troop of infernal spirits!” rejoined Wyat. “Never! I will have nought to do with you, except as regards our compact.”

“What I require from you is part of our compact,” rejoined Herne. “You are mine.”

“Not yet,” replied Wyat. “I defy you!”

So scornful and terrible a laugh burst from the demon that Wyat involuntarily shrank backwards.

“It is too late,” cried Herne. “You are in my power.”

“Not till you have fulfilled your agreement,” rejoined Wyat.

“He who has once closed hands with Herne the hunter cannot retreat,” returned the demon, sternly. “But I mean you fairly, and will not delude you with false expectations. What you seek cannot be accomplished on the instant. Ere three days Anne Boleyn shall be yours.”

“Give me some proof that you are not deceiving me, spirit,” said Wyat.

“Come with me, then,” replied Herne. And springing from the stone, he took Wyat's hand, and led him towards the lower end of the cave, which gradually declined till it reached the edge of a small, but apparently deep pool of water, rising above the level of the rock that formed the boundary of the cavern.

“Remove the torch!” thundered the demon to those behind. “Now summon your false love, Sir Thomas Wyat,” he added, as his orders were obeyed, and the light was withdrawn into one of the side passages, so that its gleam no longer fell upon the water.

"Appear, Anne Boleyn!" cried Wyat.

And as the words were uttered, a shadowy resemblance of her he had invoked flitted over the surface of the water, with hands outstretched towards him. So moved was Wyat by the vision, that he would have flung himself into the pool to grasp it, if he had not been forcibly detained by the demon. At the same moment, the figure vanished, and all was buried in darkness.

"I have said she shall be yours," cried Herne; "but time is required for the accomplishment of my purpose. I have only power over her when evil is predominant in her heart. But such moments are not unfrequent," he added, with a bitter laugh. "And now to the chase. I promise you it will be a wilder and more exciting ride than you ever enjoyed in the king's company. To the chase!—to the chase, I say!"

And blowing a call upon his horn, the light instantly re-appeared. All was stir and confusion amid the impish troop—and presently afterwards, a number of coal-black horses, and hounds of the same hue, leashed in couples, were brought out of one of the side passages. Among the latter were two large sable hounds of Saint Hubert's breed, whom Herne summoned to his side by the names of Saturn and Dragon.

A slight sound, like a blow dealt against a tree was now heard overhead, and Herne, imposing silence by a hasty gesture on the group, assumed an attitude of fixed attention. The stroke was repeated a second time.

"It is our brother, Morgan Fenwolf," cried the demon.

And catching hold of a chain hanging from the roof, which Wyat had not hitherto noticed, he swung himself into a crevice above, and disappeared from view. During the absence of their leader, the troop remained motionless and silent.

A few minutes afterwards, Herne re-appeared at the upper end of the cave. He was accompanied by Fenwolf, between whom and Wyat a slight glance of recognition passed.

The order being given by the demon to mount, Wyat, after an instant's hesitation, seized the flowing mane of the horse nearest him—for it was furnished neither with saddle nor bridle—and vaulted upon its back. At the same moment, Herne uttered a wild cry, and plunging into the pool of water, sunk within it. Wyat's steed followed, and swam swiftly forward beneath the water.

When Wyat rose again to the surface, he found himself in the open lake, the waters of which were gleaming in the moonlight. Before him he beheld Herne clambering the bank, accompanied by his two favourite hounds, while a large white owl wheeled round his head, hooting loudly. Behind were the whole cavalcade, with their hounds, swimming forward from beneath a bank covered by thick, overhanging trees, which completely masked the secret entrance to the cave. Having no control over his



steed, Wyat was obliged to surrender himself to its guidance, and was soon placed by the side of the demon hunter.

"Pledge me, Sir Thomas Wyat," said the demon, unslinging a gourd-shaped flask from his girdle, and offering it to him. "'Tis a rare wine, and will prevent you from suffering from your bath, as well as give you spirits for the chase."

Chilled to the bone by the immersion he had undergone, Wyat did not refuse the offer, but placing the flask to his lips, took a deep draught from it. The demon uttered a low bitter laugh, as he received back the flask, and he slung it to his girdle without tasting it.

The effect of the potion upon Wyat was extraordinary. The whole scene seemed to swim around him;—the impish figures in the lake, or upon its bank, assumed forms yet more fantastic; the horses looked like monsters of the deep; the hounds like wolves and ferocious beasts; the branches of the trees writhed and shot forward like hissing serpents;—and though this effect speedily passed off, it left behind it a wild and maddening feeling of excitement.

"A noble hart is lying in yon glen," said Morgan Fenwolf, advancing towards his leader, "I tracked his slot thither this evening."

"Haste, and unharbour him," replied Herne, "and as soon as you rouse him, give the halloa."

Fenwolf obeyed; and, shortly afterwards, a cry was heard from the glen.

"List halloa! list halloa!" cried Herne, "that's he! that's he! hyke, Saturn! hyke, Dragon!—Away!—away my merry men all."

Accompanied by Wyat, and followed by the whole cavalcade, Herne dashed into the glen, where Fenwolf awaited him. Threading the hollow, the troop descried the hart, flying on wings of swiftness along a sweeping glade, at some two hundred yards distance. The glade was passed,—a woody knoll skirted—a valley traversed—and the hart plunged into a thick grove clothing the side of Hawk's Hill. But it offered him no secure retreat. Dragon and Saturn were close upon him, and behind them came Herne, crashing through the branches of the trees. By-and-bye, the thicket became more open, and they entered Cranbourne Chace. But the hart soon quitted it to return to the forest, and darted down a declivity skirted by a line of noble oaks. But here he was so hotly pressed by his fierce opponents, whose fangs he could almost feel within his haunches, that he suddenly stopped, and stood at bay, and received the foremost of his assailants, Saturn, on the points of his horns. But his defence, though gallant, was unavailing. In another instant, Herne had come up, and dismounting, called off Dragon, who was about to take the place of his wounded companion. Drawing a knife from his girdle, the hunter threw himself on the ground, and advanced on all fours, towards

the hart. In this posture, he could scarcely be distinguished from some wild animal. As he approached, the hart snorted and bellowed fiercely, and dashed its horns against him; but the blow was warded off by the hunter by his own antlered helm, and at the same moment, the knife was plunged deeply into the deer's throat, and he fell to the ground.

Springing to his feet, Herne whooped joyfully, placed his bugle to his lips, and blew the dead mot. He then shouted to Fenwolf to call off and couple the hounds, and striking off the deer's right fore foot with his knife, presented it to Wyat. Several large leafy branches being gathered and laid upon the ground, the hart was placed upon it, and Herne commenced breaking it up, as the process of dismembering the deer is termed in the language of woodcraft. His first step was to cut off the head, which he performed by a single blow with his heavy trenchant knife.

"Give the hounds the flesh," he said, delivering the trophy to Fenwolf; "but keep the antlers, for it is a great deer of head."

Placing the head on a hunting-pole, Fenwolf withdrew to an open space among the trees, and halloing to the rest of the band, they immediately cast off the hounds, who rushed towards him, leaping and baying at the stag's head, which he alternately raised and lowered, until they were sufficiently excited, when he threw it on the ground before them.

While this was going forward, the rest of the band were occupied in various ways,—some striking a light with flint and steel—others gathering together a heap of sticks and dried leaves to form a fire—others producing some strange-shaped cooking utensils—while others were assisting their leader in his butcherly task, which he executed with infinite skill and expedition.

As soon as the fire was kindled, Herne distributed some portions of the venison among his followers, which were instantly thrown upon the embers to broil; while a few choice morsels were stewed in a pan with wine, and subsequently offered to the leader and Wyat.

This hasty repast over, the demon ordered the fire to be extinguished, and the quarters of the deer to be carried to the cave. He then mounted his steed, and attended by Wyat and the rest of his troop, except those engaged in executing his orders, galloped towards Snow Hill, where he speedily succeeded in rousing another noble hart.

Away then went the whole party—stag, hounds, huntsmen, sweeping, like a dark cloud, down the hill, and crossing the moonlight glade, studded with noble trees on the west of the great avenue.

For awhile, the hart held a course parallel with the avenue; he then dashed across it, threaded the intricate woods on the opposite side, tracked a long glen, and leaping the pales, entered the Home Park. It almost seemed as if he designed to seek



shelter within the castle, for he made straight towards it, and was only diverted by Herne himself, who, shooting past him with incredible swiftness, turned him towards the lower part of the park.

Here the chase continued with unabated speed, until, reaching the banks of the Thames, the stag plunged into it, and suffered himself to be carried noiselessly down the current. But Herne followed him along the banks, and when sufficiently near, dashed into the stream, and drove him ashore again.

Once more they flew across the Home Park—once more they leaped its pales—once more they entered the forest—but this time, the stag took the direction of Englefield Green. He was not, however, allowed to break forth into the open country, but driven again into the thick woods, he held on with wondrous fleetness, till the lake appeared in view. In another instant, he was swimming across it.

Herne now thought fit to bring the chase to a close. Before the eddies occasioned by the affrighted animal's plunge had described a wide ring, he had quitted his steed, and was cleaving with rapid strokes, the waters of the lake. Finding escape impossible, the stag turned to meet him, and sought to strike him with his horns—but as in the case of his ill-fated brother of the wood, the blow was received on the antlered helm of the swimmer. The next moment, the clear water was dyed with blood, and Herne, catching the gasping animal by the head, guided his body to the shore.

Again the process of breaking up the deer was gone through; and when Herne had concluded his task, he again offered his gourd to Sir Thomas Wyat. Reckless of the consequences, the knight placed the flask to his lips, and draining it to the last drop, fell from his horse insensible.

When perfect consciousness returned to Wyat, he found himself lying upon a pallet in what he at first took to be the cell of an anchorite; but as the recollection of recent events arose more distinctly before him, he guessed it to be some chamber connected with the hunter's cave. A small lamp, placed in a recess of the rock, lighted the cell; and upon a footstool by his bed stood a jug of water, and a cup containing some drink, in which herbs had been infused. Well nigh emptying the jug of water, for he felt parched with thirst, Wyat attired himself, took up the lamp, and walked into the main cavern. No one was there, nor could he obtain any answer to his calls. Proofs, however, were not wanting to shew that a feast had recently been held there. On one side were the scarcely-extinguished embers of a large wood fire; and in the midst of the chamber was a rude table, covered with drinking horns and wooden platters, as well as with the remains of more than one haunch of venison. While he was contemplating this scene, he heard footsteps in one of the lateral passages, and presently afterwards Morgan Fenwolf made his appearance.

"So you are come round at last, Sir Thomas," observed the keeper, in a slightly-sarcastic tone.

"What has been the matter with me?" asked Wyat, in surprise.

"You have had a fever for three days," returned Fenwolf, "and have been raving like a madman."

"Three days!" said Wyat. "False, juggling fiend! he promised her to me on the third day."

"Fear not, Herne will be as good as his word," said Fenwolf; "and now will you go forth with me. I am about to visit my nets. It is a fine day, and a sail on the lake will do you good."

Wyat acquiesced, and followed Fenwolf, who returned along the passage. It grew narrower and lower as they advanced, until at last they were compelled to move forward on their hands and knees. For some space, the passage, or rather hole, (for it was nothing more,) was on a level. A steep and tortuous ascent then commenced, which brought them to an outlet concealed by a large stone. Pushing it aside, Fenwolf crept forth, and immediately afterwards Wyat emerged into a grove, through which, on one side, the bright waters of the lake were discernible. The keeper's first business was to replace the stone, which was so screened by brambles and bushes that it could not, unless careful search were made, be detected.

Making his way through the trees to the side of the lake, Fenwolf marched along the greensward, in the direction of Tristram Lyndwood's cottage. Wyat mechanically followed him; but he was so pre-occupied, that he scarcely heeded the fair Mabel, nor was it till after his embarkation in the skiff with the keeper, when she came forth to look at them, that he was at all struck with her beauty. He then inquired her name from Fenwolf.

"She is called Mabel Lyndwood, and is an old forester's granddaughter," replied the other, somewhat gruffly.

"And do you seek her love?" asked Wyat.

"Ay, and wherefore not?" asked Fenwolf, with a look of displeasure.

"Nay, I know not, friend," rejoined Wyat. "She is a comely damsel."

"Comelier than the Lady Anne?" demanded Fenwolf, spitefully.

"I said not so," replied Wyat; "but she is very fair, and she looks true-hearted."

Fenwolf glanced sternly at him; and plunging his oars into the water, soon carried him out of sight of the maiden. It was high noon, and the day was one of resplendent loveliness. The lake sparkled in the sunshine, and as they shot past its tiny bays and woody headlands, new beauties were every moment revealed to them. But while the scene softened Wyat's feelings, it filled



him with intolerable remorse, and so poignant did his emotions become, that he pressed his hands upon his eyes to shut out the lovely prospect. When he looked up again, the scene was changed. The skiff had entered a narrow creek, arched over by huge trees, and as dark and gloomy as the rest of the lake was fair and smiling. It was terminated by a high overhanging bank, crested by two tall trees, whose tangled roots protruded through it, like monstrous reptiles, while their branches cast a melancholy shade over the deep, sluggish water.

"Why have you come here?" demanded Wyat, looking uneasily round the forbidding spot.

"You will discover anon," replied Fenwolf, moodily.

"Go back into the sunshine, and take me to some pleasant bank,—I will not land here," said Wyat, sternly.

"Needs must when—I need not repeat the rest of the proverb," rejoined Fenwolf, with a sneer.

"Give me the oars, thou malapert knave," cried Wyat, fiercely; "and I will put myself ashore."

"Not so," said Fenwolf, "you must, perforce, abide our master's coming."

Wyat gazed at the keeper for a moment, as if with the intention of throwing him overboard; but abandoning the idea, he rose up in the boat, and caught at what he took to be a root of the tree above. To his surprise and alarm, it closed upon him with a grasp like that of an iron hand, and he felt himself dragged upwards, while the skiff, impelled by a sudden stroke from Morgan Fenwolf, shot from beneath him. All Wyat's efforts to disengage himself were vain, and a wild, demoniacal laugh, echoed by a chorus of voices, proclaimed that he was in the power of Herne the hunter. The next moment, he was placed on the top of the bank, while the demon greeted him with a mocking laugh.

"So, you thought to escape me, Sir Thomas Wyat!" he cried in a taunting tone—"but any such attempt will prove fruitless. The murderer may repent the blow when dealt; the thief may desire to restore the gold he has purloined; the barterer of his soul may rue his bargain;—but they are Satan's, nevertheless. You are mine, and nothing can redeem you!"

"Woe is me, that it should be so!" groaned Wyat.

"Lamentation is useless and unworthy," rejoined Herne, scornfully. "Your wish will be speedily accomplished. This very night your kingly rival shall be placed in your hands."

"Ha!" exclaimed Wyat, the flame of jealousy again rising within his breast.

"You can make your own terms with him for the Lady Anne," pursued Herne. "His life will be at your disposal."

"Do you promise this?" cried Wyat.

"Ay," replied Herne. "Put yourself under the conduct of Fenwolf, and all shall happen as you desire. We shall

meet again at night. I have other business on hand now. Meschines," he added, to one of his attendants, "go with Sir Thomas to the skiff."

The personage who received the command, and who was wildly and fantastically habited, beckoned Wyat to follow him, and, after many twistings and turnings, brought them to the edge of the lake, where the skiff was lying, with Fenwolf reclining at full length within it. He arose, however, quickly, on the appearance of Meschines, and asked him for some provisions, which the latter promised to bring; and while Wyat got into the skiff, he disappeared, but returned, a few minutes afterwards, with a basket, which he gave to the keeper.

Crossing the lake, Fenwolf then shaped his course towards a verdant bank, enamelled with wild flowers, where he landed. The basket being opened was found to contain a flask of wine and some large fragments of a venison pasty, of which Wyat, whose appetite was keen enough after his long fasting, ate heartily. He then stretched himself on the velvet sod and dropped into a tranquil slumber, which lasted to a late hour in the evening, and from which he was roused by a hand laid on his shoulder, while a voice thundered in his ear—"Up, up, Sir Thomas, and follow me, and I will place the king in your hands!"



VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE "ADRELAIDE FERR."

## VI.

HOW THE KING AND THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK WERE ASSAILED BY THE BAND OF HERNE THE HUNTER; AND WHAT FOLLOWED THE ATTACK.

HENRY and Suffolk, on leaving the forester's hut, took their way for a



short space along the side of the lake, and then turned into a path, leading through the trees up the eminence on the left. The king was in a joyous mood, and made no attempt to conceal the passion with which the fair damsel had inspired him.

"I faith!" he cried, "the cardinal has a quick eye for a pretty wench. I have heard that he loves one in secret; and I am therefore the more beholden to him for discovering Mabel to me."

"You forget, my liege, that it is his object to withdraw your regards from the lady Anne Boleyn," remarked Suffolk.

"I care not what his motive may be, as long as the result is so satisfactory," returned Henry. "Confess now, Suffolk, you never beheld a figure so perfect—a complexion so blooming—or eyes so bright. As to her lips, by my soul I never tasted such!"

"And your majesty is not inexperienced in such matters," laughed Suffolk. "For my own part, I was as much struck by her grace as by her beauty, and can scarcely persuade myself she can be nothing more than a forester's granddaughter."

"Wolsey told me there was a mystery about her birth," rejoined Henry; "but, pest on it! her beauty drove all recollection of it out of my head. I will go back, and question her now."

"Your majesty forgets that your absence from the castle will occasion surprise, if not alarm," said Suffolk. "The mystery will keep till to-morrow."

"Tut, tut—I *will* return," said the king, perversely. And Suffolk, knowing his wilfulness, and that all remonstrance would prove futile, retraced his steps with him.

They had not proceeded far, when they perceived a female figure at the bottom of the ascent, just where the path turned off on the edge of the lake.

"As I live, there she is!" exclaimed the king, joyfully. "She has divined my wishes, and is come herself to tell me her history."

And he sprang forward, while Mabel advanced rapidly towards him.

They met half way, and Henry would have caught her in his arms, but she avoided him, exclaiming, in a tone of confusion and alarm—"Thank Heaven! I have found you, sire!"

"Thank heaven too, sweetheart!" rejoined Henry; "I would not hide when you are the seeker. So you know me,—ha?"

"I knew you at first," replied Mabel, confusedly. "I saw you at the great hunting party; and, once beheld, your Majesty is not easily forgotten."

"Ha! by St. George! you turn a compliment as soothly as the most practised dame at court," cried Henry, catching her hand.

"Beseech your majesty, release me!" returned Mabel, struggling to get free. "I followed you not on the light errand you suppose, but to warn you of danger. Before you quitted my



grandsire's cottage, I told you this part of the forest was haunted by plunderers and evil beings, and apprehensive lest some mischance might befall you, I opened the window softly to look after you——"

"And you overheard me tell the Duke of Suffolk how much smitten I was with your beauty, ha?" interrupted the King, squeezing her hand—"and how resolved I was to make you mine,—ha! sweetheart?"

"The words I heard were of very different import, my liege," rejoined Mabel. "You were menaced by miscreants who purposed to waylay you before you could reach your steed."

"Let them come," replied Henry, carelessly, "they shall pay for their villainy. How many were there?"

"Two, sire," answered Mabel; "but one of them was Herne, the demon hunter of the forest. He said he would summon his band to make you captive. What can your strong arm, even aided by that of the Duke of Suffolk, avail against numbers?"

"Captive! ha!" exclaimed the king. "Said the knave so?"

"He did, sire," replied Mabel; "and I knew it was Herne by his antlered helm."

"There is reason in what the damsel says, my liege," interposed Suffolk. "If possible, you had better avoid an encounter with the villains."

"My hands itch to give them a lesson," rejoined Henry; "but I will be ruled by you. God's death! I will return to-morrow and hunt them down like so many wolves."

"Where are your horses, sire?" asked Mabel.

"Tied to a tree at the foot of the hill," replied Henry. "But I have attendants midway between this spot and Snow Hill."

"This way, then!" said Mabel, breaking from him, and darting into a narrow path among the trees.

Henry ran after her, but was not agile enough to overtake her. At length, she stopped.

"If your majesty will pursue this path," she cried, "you will come to an open space amid the trees, when, if you will direct your course towards a large beech-tree on the opposite side, you will find another narrow path, which will take you where you desire to go."

"But I cannot go alone," cried Henry.

Mabel, however, slipped past him, and was out of sight in an instant.

Henry looked as if he had some idea of following her, but Suffolk ventured to arrest him.

"Do not tarry here, longer, my gracious liege," said the Duke. "Danger is to be apprehended, and the sooner you rejoin your attendants the better. Return with them, if you please, but do not expose yourself further now."

Henry yielded, though reluctantly, and they walked on in silence. Ere long, they arrived at the open space described by

Mabel, and immediately perceived the large beech-tree, behind which they found the path.

By this time, the moon had arisen, and as they emerged upon the marsh, they easily discovered a track, though not broader than a sheep-walk, leading along its edge. As they hurried along it, Suffolk occasionally cast a furtive glance over his shoulder, but he saw nothing to alarm him. The whole tract of marshy land on the left was hidden from view by a silvery mist.

In a few minutes, the king and his companion gained firmer ground, and ascending the gentle elevation on the other side of the marsh, made their way to a little knoll crowned by a huge oak, which commanded a fine view of the lake, running through the valley beyond. Henry, who was a few yards in advance of his companion, paused at a short distance from the tree, and being somewhat overheated, took off his cap to wipe his brow, laughingly observing,—“In good truth, Suffolk, we must henceforth be rated as miserable faineants, to be scared from our path by a silly wench’s tale of robbers and wild huntsmen. I am sorry I yielded to her entreaties. If Herne be still extant, he must be more than a century and a half old, for unless the legend is false, he flourished in the time of my predecessor, Richard the Second. I would I could see him!”

“Behold him, then!” cried a harsh voice from behind.

And turning at the sound, Henry perceived a tall, dark figure, of hideous physiognomy and strange attire, helmed with a huge pair of antlers, standing between him and the oak tree. So sudden was the appearance of the figure, that, in spite of himself, the king slightly started.

“What art thou?—ha!” he demanded.

“What I have said,” replied the demon. “I am Herne the hunter. Welcome to my domain, Harry of England. You are lord of the castle, but I am lord of the forest. Ha! ha!”

“I am lord both of the forest and the castle—yea, of all this broad land, false fiend!” cried the king, “and none shall dispute it with me. In the name of the most holy faith of which I am the defender, I command thee to avoid my path! Get thee backwards, Satan.”

The demon laughed derisively.

“Harry of England, advance towards me, and you advance upon your peril,” he rejoined.

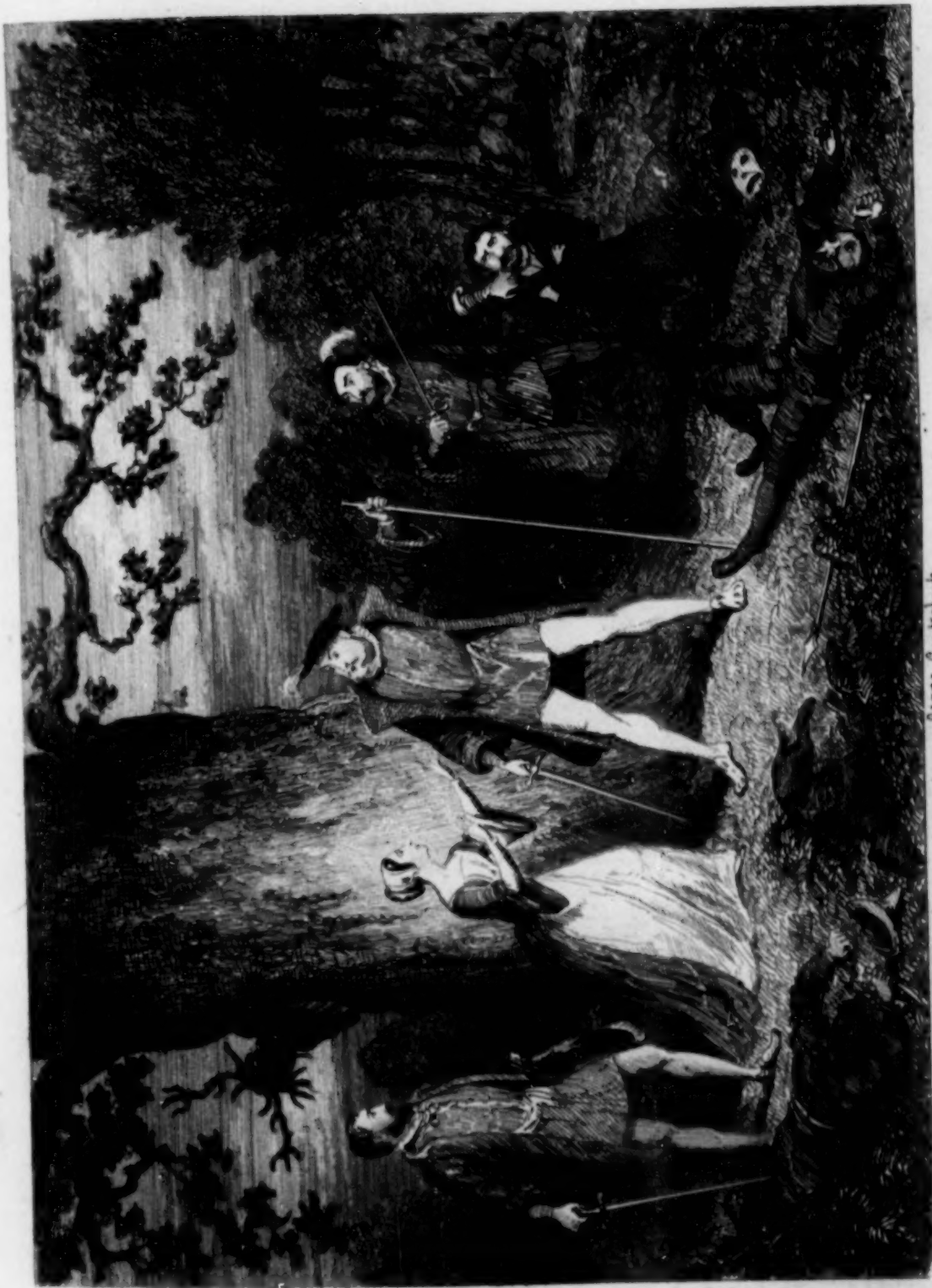
“Avaunt, I say,” cried the king. “In the name of the blessed Trinity, and of all holy angels and saints, I strike.”

And he whirled the staff round his head, but ere the weapon could descend, a flash of dazzling fire encircled the demon, amidst which he vanished.

“Heaven protect us!” exclaimed Henry, somewhat appalled.

At this juncture, the sound of a horn was heard, and a number of wild figures in fantastic garbs,—some mounted on swarthy steeds, and accompanied by hounds,—others on foot, issued from





*George Cruikshank*

Mabel Wyndwood interceding for Sir Thomas Celyat with Henry.

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the adjoining covert, and hurried towards the spot occupied by the king.

"Aha!" exclaimed Henry—"more of the same sort. Hell, it would seem, has let loose her hosts, but I have no fear of them. Stand by me, Suffolk."

"To the death, sire," replied the duke, drawing his sword.

By this time, one of the foremost of the impish crew had reached the king, and commanded him to yield himself prisoner.

"Dost know whom thou askest to yield, dog?" cried Henry, furiously.

"Yea," replied the other, "thou art the king!"

"Then down on thy knees, traitor," roared Henry; "down all of ye, and sue for mercy."

"For mercy—ha! ha!" rejoined the other; "it is thy turn to sue for mercy, tyrant. We acknowledge no other ruler than Herne the hunter."

"Then seek him in hell!" cried Henry, dealing the speaker a tremendous blow on the head with his staff which brought him senseless to the ground.

The others immediately closed round him, and endeavoured to seize the king.

"Ha! dogs!—ha! traitors!" vociferated Henry, plying his staff with great activity, and bringing down an assailant at each stroke; "do you dare to lay hands upon our sacred person? Back! back!"

The determined resistance offered by the king, supported as he was by Suffolk, paralysed his assailants, who seemed more bent upon securing his person than on doing him injury. But at this juncture, Suffolk's attention was diverted by the attack of a fierce black hound, which was set upon him by a stout fellow in a bearded mask. After a hard struggle, and not before he had been severely bitten in the arm, the duke contrived to despatch his assailant.

"This to avenge poor Bawsey," cried the man who had set on the hound, stabbing at Suffolk with his knife.

But Suffolk parried the blow, and, disarming his antagonist, forced him to the ground.

Meanwhile, Henry had been placed in considerable jeopardy. Like Suffolk, he had slaughtered a hound, and, in aiming a blow at the villain who set it on, his foot slipped, and he lay at his mercy. The wretch raised his knife, and was in the act of striking, when a sword was passed through his body. The blow was decisive; the king instantly arose, and the rest of his assailants—horse as well as foot—disheartened by what had occurred, beat a hasty retreat. Harry turned to look for his deliverer, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment and anger.

"Ah! God's death!" he cried, "can I believe my eyes? Is it you, Sir Thomas Wyatt?"

"It is," replied the other.



"What do you here? ha!" demanded the king. "You should be in Paris."

"I have tarried for revenge," replied Wyat.

"Revenge!—ha!" cried Henry. "On whom?"

"On you," replied Wyat.

"What!" vociferated Henry, foaming with rage—"Is it you, traitor, who have devised this damnable plot?—is it you who would have made your king a captive?—you who would have slain him? Have you leagued yourself with fiends?"

But Wyat made no answer; and though he lowered the point of his sword, he regarded the king sternly.

A female figure now rushed forward, and bending before the king, cried, in an imploring voice,—

"Spare him, sire—spare him. He is no party to the attack. I was near him in yon wood, and he stirred not forth till he saw your life in danger. He then delivered you from the assassin."

"I did so, because I reserved him for my own hand," said Wyat.

"You hear him confess his treason," cried Henry; "down on your knees, villain, or I will strike you to my feet."

"He has just saved your life, my liege," cried the suppliant. "Oh, spare him!"

"What do you here, Mabel?" cried Henry, angrily.

"I followed your majesty unseen," she replied, in some confusion, "and reached yon wood just as the attack commenced. I did not dare to advance further."

"You should have gone home—gone home," rejoined the king. "Wyat," he continued in a tone of stern reproach, "you were once a loyal subject. What means this change?"

"It means that you have robbed me of a mistress," replied Wyat; "and for this cause I have damned myself."

"Pardon him!—oh, pardon him, sire!" cried Mabel.

"I cannot understand you, Wyat," said Henry, after a pause; "but though a king, I have suffered from the pangs of jealousy. You have saved my life, and I will spare yours."

"Sire!" cried Wyat.

"Suffolk!" exclaimed Henry, looking towards the duke, who was holding Fenwolf by the throat, "shall I be justified in letting him go free?"

"Strike!—strike!" cried a deep voice in Wyat's ear, "your rival is now in your power,"

"Far be it from me to thwart your majesty's generous impulses," rejoined Suffolk. "It is true that Wyat has saved your life; and if he had been disposed to take it, you have this moment exposed yourself to him."

"Sir Thomas Wyat," said the king, turning to him, "you have my full and free pardon. Quit this forest instantly, and make your way to Paris. If you are found within it tomorrow, you will be lodged in the Tower."

Wyat knelt down, and would have pressed Henry's hand to his lips.

"No—no!" replied the king, pushing him aside—"Not now—on your return."

Thus rebuffed, Wyat strode away, and as he passed the tree, he heard a voice exclaim—

"You have escaped him, but think not to escape *me*!"

"And now, sweetheart," said Henry, turning to Mabel, since you are so far on the way, you shall go with me to the castle."

"On no account, my liege," she returned; "my grandsire will wonder what has become of me. He must already be in great alarm."

"But I will send one of my attendants to him to quiet his fears," urged Henry.

"That would only serve to increase them," she rejoined.

"Nay, I must go."

And breaking from him, she darted swiftly down the hill, and glanced across the marsh like a moonbeam.

"Plague on it!" cried Henry—"I have again forgotten to question her about her birth."

"Shall I despatch this knave, my liege?" cried Suffolk, pointing with his sword to Fenwolf.

"By no means," said the king; "something may be learnt from him. Hark thee, thou felon hound,—if thou indeed servest the fiend, thou seest he deserts thee, as he does all who put faith in him."

"I see it," replied Fenwolf, who, finding resistance vain, had folded his hands doggedly upon his breast.

"Then confess thy evil practices," said the king.

"Give me my life and I will," replied Fenwolf. And as he uttered the words, he caught sight of the dark figure of Herne, stationed at the side of the oak, with its right arm raised menacingly.

"What seest thou?" cried Henry, remarking his fixed gaze towards the tree, and glancing in that direction.

Fenwolf made no reply.

Henry went up to the tree, and walked round it, but he could see nothing.

"I will scour the forest to-morrow," he muttered, "and will hang every knave I find within it who cannot give a good account of himself."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed a voice, which seemed to proceed from the branches of the tree.

Henry looked up, but no one was visible.

"God's death! derided!" he roared. "Man or devil, thou shalt feel my wrath."

"Ho! ho! ho!" again laughed the voice.

Stamping with rage, Henry swore a great oath, and smote the trunk of the tree with his sword.

"Your majesty will search in vain," said Suffolk, "it is clearly

the fiend with whom you have to deal, and the aid of holy priests must be obtained to drive him forth from the forest."

"Ho! ho! ho!" again laughed the voice.

While this was passing, a party of horsemen appeared in view. They proved to be the royal attendants, who had ridden forward in search of the king, and were instantly hailed by Henry and Suffolk. They were headed by Captain Bouchier, who at a sign from the king instantly dismounted.

"Give me your horse, Bouchier," said Henry, "and do you and half a dozen of your men remain on guard at this tree till I send a party of arquebusiers to relieve you. When they arrive, station them near it, and let them remain here till I return in the morning. If any one appears, make him a prisoner."

"Your majesty's orders shall be faithfully obeyed," replied Bouchier.

Bound hand and foot, Fenwolf was thrown upon the back of a horse, and guarded by two halberdiers, who were prepared to strike him on the slightest movement. In this way he was conveyed to the castle.

On arriving there, Henry's first business was to dispatch a party of arquebusiers to Bouchier, while Fenwolf was placed in the guard-chamber of the lower gate, till further orders should be issued respecting him.



GUARD CHAMBER IN HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GATE.



## VII.

SHEWING HOW MORGAN FENWOLF ESCAPED FROM THE GARTER TOWER.

HALF-AN-HOUR after Morgan Fenwolf had been placed in the guard-chamber, during the whole of which time he maintained a sullen and dogged demeanour, he was visited by the Duke of Suffolk and a canon of the college; and the chamber being cleared, the duke enjoined him to make clear his bosom by confession.

"I hold it my duty to tell you, prisoner," said Suffolk, "that there is no hope of your life. The king's highness is determined to make a fearful example of you and all your companions in crime; but he does not seek to destroy your soul, and has therefore sent this holy man to you, in the hope that you will open your heart to him, and by confession and repentance save yourself from eternal perdition."

"Repentance will profit me nothing," said Fenwolf, moodily. "I cannot pray if I would."

"You cannot be so utterly lost, my son," rejoined the canon. "Hell may have woven its dark chains round you, but not so firmly but that the hand of Heaven can burst them."

"You waste time in seeking to persuade me," returned Fenwolf.

"You are not ignorant of the punishment of those condemned for sorcery, my son?" demanded the canon.

"It is the stake, is it not?" replied Fenwolf.

"It is," replied the canon; "but even that fiery trial will fail to purge out your offences without penitence. My lord of Suffolk, this wretched man's condition demands special attention. It will profit the church much to win his soul from the fiend. Let him, I pray you, be removed to the dungeon beneath the Garter Tower, where a priest shall visit him, and pray by his side till daybreak."

"It will be useless, father," said Fenwolf.

"I do not despair, my son," replied the canon; "and when I see you again in the morning, I trust to find you in a better frame of mind."

The duke then gave directions to the guard to remove the prisoner; and after some further conference with the canon, returned to the royal apartments.

Meanwhile, the canon shaped his course towards the Horse-shoe cloisters,—a range of buildings so designated from their form, and situated at the west-end of Saint George's chapel, and he had scarcely entered them, when he heard footsteps behind him, and turning at the sound, beheld a Franciscan friar, for so his habit of the coarsest grey cloth, tied with a cord round the waist, proclaimed him. The friar's cowl was drawn over his face so as to conceal his features.



PART OF THE HORSE-SHOE CLOISTERS.

"What would you, brother?" inquired the canon, halting.

"I have a request to make of you, reverend sir," replied the friar, with a lowly inclination of the head. "I have just arrived from Chertsey Abbey, whither I have been tarrying for the last three days, and while conversing with the guard at the gate, I saw a prisoner brought into the castle, charged with heinous offences, and amongst others, with dealings with the fiend."

"You have been rightly informed, brother," rejoined the canon.

"And have I, also, been rightly informed that you desire a priest to pass the night with him, reverend sir," returned the friar; "for if so, I would crave permission to undertake the office? Two souls, as deeply laden as that of this poor wretch, have I snatched from the jaws of Satan, and I do not despair of success now."

"Since you are so confident, brother," said the canon, "I commit him readily to your hands. I was about to seek other aid, but your offer comes opportunely. With Heaven's help, I doubt not you will achieve a victory over the evil one."

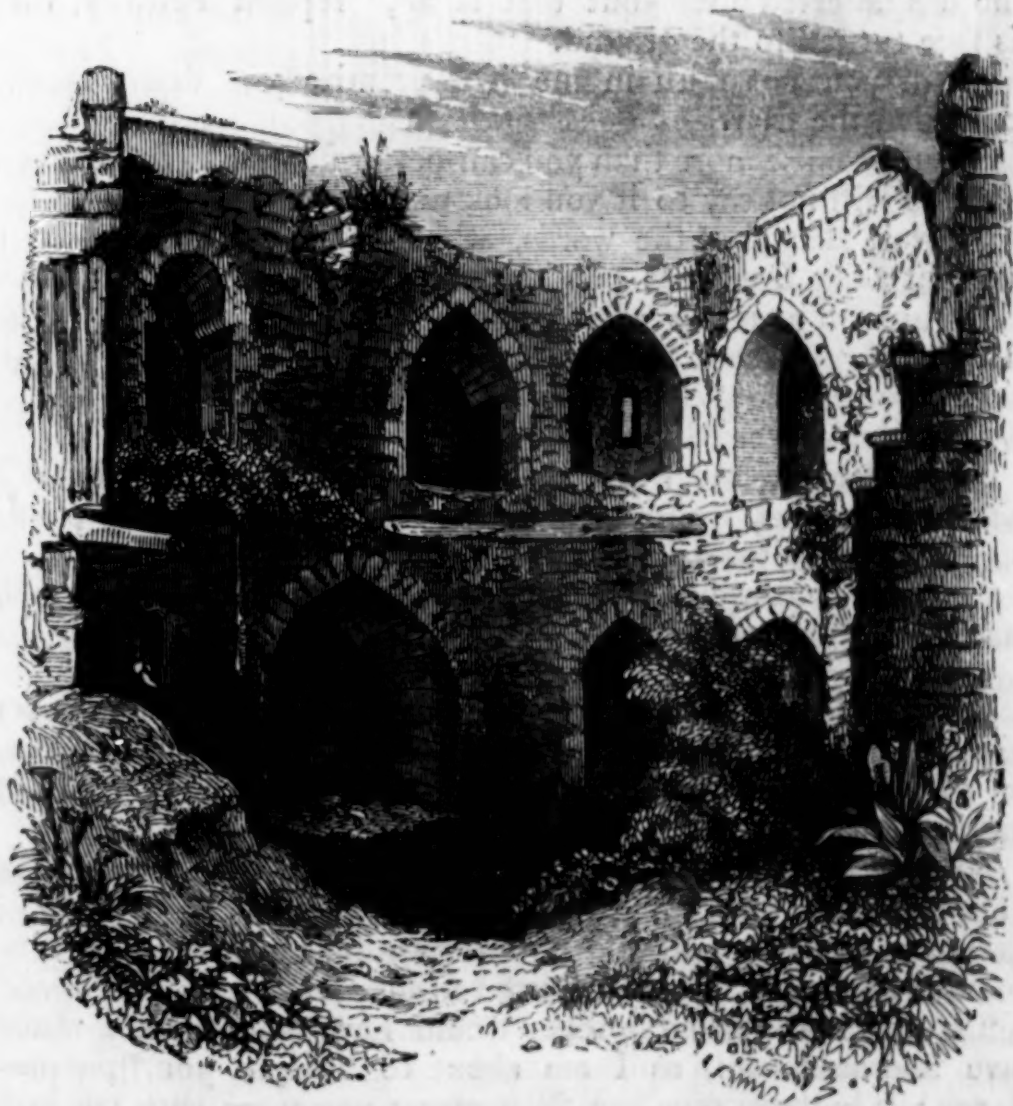
As the latter words were uttered, a sudden pain seemed to seize the friar. Staggering slightly, he caught at the railing of the cloisters for support, but he instantly recovered himself.

"It is nothing, reverend sir," he said, seeing that the good canon regarded him anxiously. "Long vigils and fasting have made me liable to frequent attacks of giddiness, but they pass as quickly as they come. Will it please you to go with me, and direct the guard to admit me to the prisoner?"

The canon assented; and crossing the quadrangle, they returned to the gateway.



Meanwhile, the prisoner had been removed to the lower chamber of the Garter Tower. This fortification, one of the oldest in the Castle, being coeval with the Curfew Tower, is now in a state of grievous neglect and ruin. Unroofed, unfloored, filled with rubbish, masked by the yard walls of the adjoining habitations, with one side entirely pulled down, and a great breach in front, it is solely owing to the solid and rock-like construction of its masonry, that it is indebted for partial preservation. Still, notwithstanding its dilapidated condition, and that it is the mere shell of its former self, its appearance is highly picturesque. The walls are of prodigious thickness, and the deep embrasures within them are almost perfect; while a secret staircase may still be tracked partly round the building. Amid the rubbish choking up its lower chamber, grows a young tree, green and flourishing—a type, it is to be hoped, of the restoration of the structure!



EXTERIOR OF THE GARTER TOWER.

Conducted to a low vaulted chamber in this tower, the prisoner was cast upon its floor—for he was still bound hand and foot—and left alone and in darkness. But he was not destined

to continue in this state long. The door of the dungeon opened, and the guard ushered in the tall Franciscan friar.

"What ho! dog of a prisoner," he cried, "here is a holy man come to pass the night with you in prayer."

"I want him not," replied Fenwolf, moodily.

"You would prefer my bringing Herne the hunter, no doubt," rejoined the guard, laughing at his own jest; "but this is a physician for your soul. The saints help you in your good work, father. You will have no light task."

"Set down the light, my son," cried the friar, harshly, "and leave us. My task will be easily accomplished."

Placing the lamp on the stone floor of the dungeon, the guard withdrew, and locked the door after him.

"Do you repent, my son?" demanded the friar, as soon as they were alone.

"Certes, I repent having put faith in a treacherous fiend who has deserted me,—but that is all," replied Fenwolf, with his face turned to the ground.

"Will you put faith in me if I promise you deliverance?" demanded the friar.

"You promise more than you can perform," rejoined the other.

"You will not say so if you look up," said the friar.

Fenwolf started at the words, which were pronounced in a different voice from that previously adopted by the speaker, and raised himself as much as his bonds would permit him. The friar had thrown back his cowl, and disclosed features of appalling hideousness, lighted up by a diabolical grin.

"You here!" cried Fenwolf.

"You doubted me," rejoined Herne; "but I never desert a follower. Besides, I wish to shew the royal Harry that my power is as great as his own."

"But how are we to get out of this dungeon?" asked Fenwolf, gazing round apprehensively.

"My way out will be easy enough," replied Herne; "but your escape is attended with more difficulty. You remember how we went to the vaulted chamber, in the Curfew Tower, on the night when Mark Fytton, the butcher, was confined within it."

"I do," replied Fenwolf. "But I can think of nothing while I am tied thus."

Herne instantly drew forth a hunting-knife, and cutting asunder his bonds, Fenwolf started to his feet.

"If that bull-headed butcher would have joined me I would have liberated him, as I am about to liberate you," pursued Herne; "but you recollect the secret passage we then tracked. There is such another staircase in this tower."

And stepping to the further side of the chamber, he touched a small knob in the wall, a stone flew back, disclosing an aperture just large enough to allow a man to pass through it.

"There is your road to freedom," said Herne, pointing to the



hole; "enter it, and creep along the narrow passage to which it leads, and which will bring you to a small loophole in the wall, not many feet from the ground. The loophole is guarded by a bar of iron, but it is moved by a spring in the upper part of the stone in which it appears to be morticed. This impediment removed, you will easily force your way through the loophole, which is at no great height from the ground. Drop cautiously for fear of the sentinels on the walls; then make your way to the forest, and if you 'scape the arquebusiers who are scouring it, conceal yourself in the cave below the beech-tree."

"And what of you?" asked Fenwolf.

"I have more to do here," replied Herne, impatiently—"away!"

Thus dismissed, Fenwolf entered the aperture, which was instantly closed after him by Herne. Carefully following the instructions of his leader, the keeper passed through the loop-hole, let himself drop softly down, and keeping close to the side of the tower till he heard the sentinels move off, darted swiftly across the street.

Meanwhile, Herne drew the cowl over his head, and stepping to the door, knocked loudly against it.

"What would you, father?" cried the guard, from without.

"Enter, my son, and you shall know," replied Herne.

The next moment, the door was unlocked, and the guard advanced into the dungeon.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, snatching up the lamp and looking round—"where is the prisoner?"

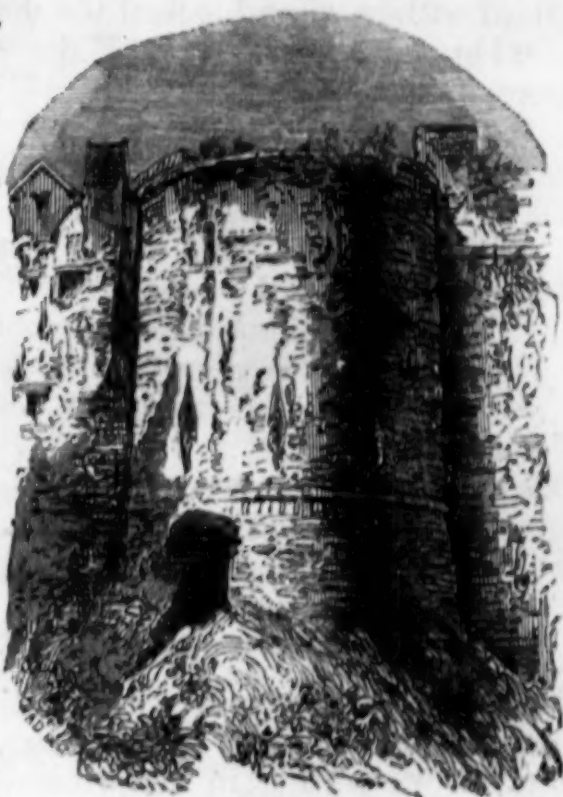
"Gone!" replied Herne.

"What! has the fiend flown away with him?" cried the man, in mixed astonishment and alarm.

"He has been set free by Herne the hunter!" cried the demon; "tell all who question thee so, and relate what thou now seest."

And as the words were uttered, a bright blue flame illumined the chamber, in the midst of which was seen the tall dark figure of Herne. His Franciscan's gown had dropped to his feet, and he appeared habited in his wild deer-skin garb. With a loud cry, the guard fell senseless on the ground.

A few minutes after this, as was subsequently ascertained, a



GARTER TOWER, FROM THAMES STREET.



tall Franciscan friar threaded the cloisters behind Saint George's Chapel, and giving the word to the sentinels, passed through the outer door communicating with the steep descent leading to the town.



OUTER DOOR LEADING TO THE HUNDRED STEPS.

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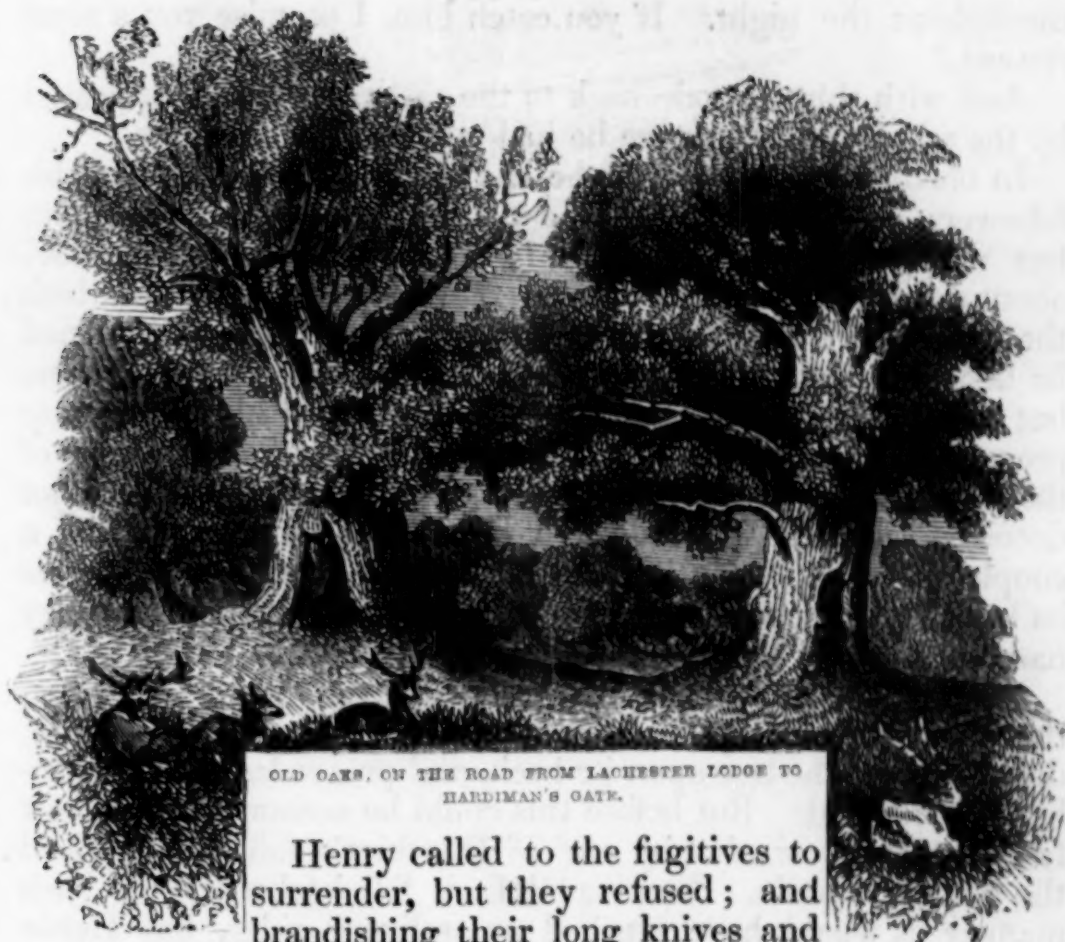
### VIII.

#### HOW HERNE THE HUNTER WAS HIMSELF HUNTED.

ON the guard's recovery, information of what had occurred was immediately conveyed to the King, who had not yet retired to rest, but was sitting in his private chamber with the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk. The intelligence threw him into a violent passion. He ordered the guard to be locked up in the dungeon whence the prisoner had escaped; directed the Duke of Suffolk, with a patrol, to make search in the neighbourhood of the castle for the fugitive and the friar; and bade the Duke of Norfolk get together a band of arquebusiers; and as soon as the latter were assembled, he placed himself at their head, and again rode into the forest.

The cavalcade had proceeded about a mile along the great avenue, when one of the guard rode up and said that he heard some distant sounds on the right. Commanding a halt, Henry listened for a moment, and becoming convinced that the man was right, quitted the course he was pursuing, and dashed across the broad glade now traversed by the avenue called Queen Ann's Ride. As he advanced, the trampling of horses was heard, accompanied by shouts, and presently afterwards, a troop of wild looking horsemen in fantastic garbs was seen galloping down

the hill, pursued by Bouchier and his followers. The king immediately shaped his course so as to intercept the flying party, and being in some measure screened by the trees, he burst unexpectedly upon them at a turn of the road.



OLD OAKS, ON THE ROAD FROM LACHESTER LODGE TO  
HARDIMAN'S GATE.

Henry called to the fugitives to surrender, but they refused; and brandishing their long knives and spears, made a desperate resistance. But they were speedily surrounded and overpowered. Bouchier inquired from the king what should be done with the prisoners.

"Hang them all upon yon trees," cried Henry, pointing to two sister oaks which stood near the scene of strife.

The terrible sentence was immediately carried into execution. Cords were produced, and in less than a quarter of an hour twenty breathless bodies were swinging from the branches of the two trees indicated by the king.

"This will serve to deter others from like offences," observed Henry, who had watched the whole proceedings with savage satisfaction. "And now, Bouchier, how came you to let the leader of these villains escape?"

"I did not know he had escaped, my liege," replied Bouchier, in astonishment.

"Yea, marry, but he has escaped," rejoined Henry; "and he has had the audacity to shew himself in the castle within this hour, and the cunning, moreover, to set the prisoner free."

And he proceeded to relate what had occurred.

"This is strange, indeed, my liege," replied Bouchier, at the

close of the king's recital; "and to my thinking is proof convincing that we have to do with a supernatural being."

"Banish the idle notion," rejoined Henry, sternly. "We are all the dupes of some jugglery. The caitiff will doubtless return to the forest. Continue your search, therefore, for him throughout the night. If you catch him, I promise you a royal reward."

And with this, he rode back to the castle, somewhat appeased by the wholesale vengeance he had taken of the offenders.

In obedience to the orders he had received, Bouchier with his followers continued riding about the forest the whole night, but without finding anything to reward their search, until about dawn it occurred to him to return to the trees on which the bodies were suspended. As he approached them, he fancied he beheld a black wild-looking horse standing beneath the tree, but not being quite certain on that, he ordered his followers to proceed as noiselessly as possible, and to keep under the cover of the trees. A nearer advance convinced him that his eyes had not deceived him. It was indeed a horse that he beheld, with a couple of bodies, evidently snatched from the branches, laid across its back. A glance at the trees, too, shewed Bouchier that they had considerably lightened of their hideous spoil.

Seeing this, Bouchier dashed forward. Alarmed by the noise, the wild horse neighed loudly, and a dark figure instantly dropped from the tree upon its back, and proceeded to disencumber it of its load. But before this could be accomplished, a bolt from a cross-bow, shot by one of Bouchier's followers, pierced the animal's brain. Rearing aloft, it fell backwards, in such manner as would have crushed an ordinary rider, but Herne slipped off uninjured, and with incredible swiftness darted among the trees. The others started in pursuit, and a chase commenced, in which the demon huntsman had to sustain the part of the deer—nor could any deer have afforded better sport.

Away flew the pursued and pursuers over the broad glade and through tangled glen—the woods resounding with their cries. Bouchier did not lose sight of the fugitive for a moment, and urged his men to push on; but despite his alternate proffers and menaces, they gained but little on Herne, who, speeding towards the Home Park, cleared its high palings with a single bound.

Over went Bouchier and his followers, and they then descried him making his way to a large oak, standing almost alone in the centre of a beautiful glade. An instant afterwards, he reached the tree, shook his arm menacingly at his pursuers, and disappeared.

The next moment, Bouchier came up; flung himself from his panting steed, and, with his drawn sword in hand, forced himself through a rift in its side, into the tree. There was a hollow within large enough to allow a man to stand upright, and two funnel-like holes ran upwards into the branches. Finding nothing,







*George Cruikshank*

The Search for Herne the Hunter.

Bouchier called for a hunting spear, and thrust it as far as he could into the holes above. The point encountered no obstruction except such as was offered by the wood itself. He stamped upon the ground—and sounded it on all sides with the spear, but with no better success than before.

Issuing forth, he next directed his attention to the upper part of the tree, which, in the interim, had been carefully watched on all sides by his followers; and not content with viewing it from below, he mounted into the branches. But they had nothing to show, except their own leafy covering.

The careful examination of the ground about the tree, at length led to the discovery of a small hole among its roots, about half a dozen yards from the trunk, and though this hole seemed scarcely large enough to serve for an entrance to the kennel of the fox, Bouchier deemed it expedient to keep a careful watch over it.

His investigation completed, he despatched a sergeant of the guard to the castle, to acquaint the king with what had occurred.

Disturbed by the events of the night, Henry obtained little sleep, and at an early hour, summoned an attendant, and demanded whether there were any tidings from the forest. The attendant replied that a sergeant of the guard was without, sent by Captain Bouchier, with a message for his majesty. The sergeant was immediately admitted to the royal presence, and on the close of his marvellous story, the king, who had worked himself into a tremendous fury during its relation, roared out—“What foiled again—ha! But he shall not escape, if I have to root up half the trees in the forest. Bouchier and his fellows must be bewitched. Harkye, knaves, get together a dozen of the best woodmen and yeomen in the castle—instantly, as you value your lives—bid them bring axe and saw, pick and spade. D’ye mark me—ha! Stay, I have not done. I must have fagots and straw, for I will burn this tree to the ground,—burn it to a char. Summon the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk—the rascal archer I dubbed the Duke of Shoreditch, and his mates—the keepers of the forest and their hounds—summon them quickly, and bid a band of the yeomen of the guard get ready.” And he sprang from his couch.

The king’s commands were executed with such alacrity, that by the time he was fully attired, the whole of the persons he had ordered to be summoned were assembled. Putting himself at their head, he rode forth to the Home Park, and found Bouchier and his followers grouped around the tree.

“We are still at fault, my liege,” said Bouchier.

“So I see, sir,” replied the king, angrily. “Hew down the tree instantly, knaves,” he added to the woodmen. “Fall to,—fall to.”

Ropes were then fastened to the tree, and the welkin resounded with the rapid strokes of the hatchets. It was a task of some



difficulty, but such zeal and energy were displayed by the woodmen, that, ere long, the giant trunk lay prostrate on the ground, its hollows were now fully exposed to view, but they were empty.

"Set fire to the accursed piece of timber!" roared the king—"burn it to dust, and scatter it to the wind."

At these orders, two yeomen of the guard advanced, and, throwing down a heap of fagots, straw, and other combustibles, on the roots of the tree, soon kindled a fierce fire.

Meanwhile, a couple of woodmen, stripped of their jerkins, and with their brawny arms bared to the shoulder, mounted on the trunk, and strove to split it asunder. Some of the keepers likewise got into the branches, and peered into every crack and crevice, in the hope of making some discovery. Amongst the latter was Will Sommers, who had posted himself near a great arm of the tree, which he maintained, when lopped off, would be found to contain the demon.

Nor were other expedients neglected. A fierce hound had been sent into the hole near the roots of the tree, by Gabriel Lapp, but after a short absence he returned howling and terrified; nor could all the efforts of Gabriel, seconded by a severe lashing with the whip, induce him to enter it again.

When the hound had come forth, a couple of yeomen advanced to enlarge the opening, while a third with a pick endeavoured to remove the root, which formed an impediment to their efforts.

"They may dig, but they'll never catch him," observed Shoreditch, who stood by, to his companions. "Hunting a spirit is not the same thing as hunting a wolf or a fox."

"Not so loud, duke," said Islington, "his majesty may think thy jest irreverent."

"I have an arrow blessed by a priest," said Paddington, "which I shall let fly at him, if he appears."

"Here he is! here he is!" cried Will Sommers, as a great white horned owl, which had been concealed in some part of the tree, flew forth.

"It may be the demon in that form—shoot!" said Shoreditch.

Paddington bent his bow. The arrow whistled through the air, and in another moment the owl fell fluttering to the ground; but it underwent no transformation, as was expected by the credulous archer.

Meanwhile, the fire, being constantly supplied with fresh fagots, and stirred by the yeomen of the guard, burnt bravely. The lower part of the tree was already consumed, and the flames, roaring along the hollow within, with a sound like that of a furnace, promised soon to reduce it to charcoal.

By this time, the mouth of the hole having been widened, another keeper, who had brought forward a couple of lurchers, sent them into it; but in a few moments they returned, as the hound had done, howling, and with scared looks. Without even

facing their enraged master, they ran off with their tails between their legs, towards the castle.

"I see how it is, Rufus," said Gabriel, patting his hound, who looked wistfully and half-reproachfully in his face. "Thou wert not to blame, poor fellow. The best dog that ever was whelped can be no match for the devil."

Though it had long ere this become the general opinion that it was useless to persevere further in the search, the king, with his characteristic obstinacy, would not give it up. In due time, the whole of the trunk of the enormous tree was consumed, and its branches cast into the fire. The roots were rent from the ground, and a wide and deep trench digged around. The course of the hole was traced for some distance, but it was never of any size, and was suddenly lost by the falling in of the earth.

At length, after three hours' watching, Henry's patience was exhausted, and he ordered the pit to be filled up, and every crevice and fissure in the ground about to be carefully stopped.

"If we cannot unkennel the fox," he said, "we will at least earth him up."

"For all your care, gossip Henry," muttered Will Sommers, as he rode after his master to the castle, "the fox will work his way out."

Thus ends the Second Book of the Chronicle of Windsor Castle.

## TO HIS FIRST LOVE, BY AN ELDERLY POET.

BY M. Y. W.

LADY, who in thy youthful prime  
Wert oft th' unconscious cause of pain,  
Hear now a tale of that sweet time,  
And one who loved thee—but in vain!

Yes! I was one amid the throng  
Who sought to win thy favour then;—  
Those happy days when we were young—  
Oh! could I charm them here again!

I would not now be what I was,  
So awkwardly confused and shy;  
Nor in the half-told secret pause  
Seeing thee look both sweet and sly.

The wakeful night, the beating heart,  
Th' involuntary sigh were mine—  
Too well I play'd the lover's part,  
And scarce could breakfast, luncheon,  
dine.

Yet beauty such as thine was worth  
All that a lover's heart should bear—

Oh! there is nothing now on earth  
Half so endearing, half so fair!

For though the rose, the lovely rose  
Is blanch'd by sunshine and by showers,  
There's not another bud that blows  
Can take her place as queen of flowers.

Oh! there are some who still love on,  
Though what they love was never  
theirs!  
They have a secret all their own,—  
They have a treasure no one shares.

Thou art the treasure of my soul,  
My earliest and my dearest choice,  
And, to this day, I scarce control  
My fond emotions at thy voice!

Oh! grant me now this one request,  
Too poor almost for love like mine,  
If nothing more can be, at least  
Accept me as thy Valentine.



## AN INTRODUCTION TO MR. O'CONNELL IN 1842.

BY MRS. WARD.

I HAVE always given it as my opinion, that women should never interfere with politics—certainly not openly and avowedly; and though I do not mean to say that any one beyond my own friendly and familiar circle care a straw about my opinion (any more than the public do for that of the *WE* of *some* of the newspapers), I am glad I have so expressed myself; otherwise, being as I am the wife, daughter, and sister of soldiers, I might be considered as strangely inconsistent in having resolved on obtaining an introduction to Mr. O'Connell. The simplest remark of a man of genius and celebrity has always an interest in my eyes; and without possessing any of that morbid curiosity which induces some to seek out any who have become celebrated, no matter whether by good or evil deeds: I confess to the weakness (if it may be so called) of wishing to make the acquaintance of any man or woman who may have distinguished themselves from the rest of the world by superior ability. Many people, opposed to Mr. O'Connell in politics, speak of him as though he did not possess a single good quality. It is said, "The devil is not so black as he is painted;" how true this axiom may be, I am not competent to judge—I suppose, however, some charitable person first started it. Now people, violent in politics,—especially in religious politics,—have seldom any charity at all; indeed, those who set themselves up above the rest of the world as shining lights, are frequently so much taken up with meddling with other people's ways, that they generally lose their own; and, getting confused in the mist of fanaticism and argument, only confuse those whom they may really wish to serve. By the way, this has nothing to do with my introduction; I shall be accused of wishing to "spin out my paper," as school girls say,—so *allons*.

I had always had a curiosity even to see the Agitator. Many of my friends would never acknowledge the same weakness; and yet I have known them linger in the cold at the door of the house on a winter's afternoon, just to get a glimpse of his broad shoulders and broad-brimmed hat to match. Now I confess to having followed him all along Pall Mall, to the very steps of that princely building, the Reform Club.

To say that Mr. O'Connell is a wonderful man, would be to advance a truism that even his bitterest enemies allow. His friends talk of his eminent genius—his foes, of his indomitable assurance. They may give his talents and his moral courage what name they please, but, like "Luther, the solitary monk," Daniel O'Connell has already given the world a shake; whether for good or evil, it is not my part to determine: indeed, the result of his "agitation" may yet remain to be proved. However, let me again disclaim all intention of leaning to one side of politics or the other—at least, in print. As I have said before, "women burn their fingers by meddling with politics, and get no pity for it afterwards." My chapter has chiefly to do with a few minutes' conversation with Mr. O'Connell, as entertaining as it was unexpected. By the way, I am afraid my first words to him may betray what I would fain keep to myself; however, they may be looked upon as becoming the lips of one who has been soldiering nearly



all her life; and will at once, too, establish the fact of my treating my subject with equal honesty and disinterestedness.

The very day after landing at Kingstown, in Ireland, which I did for the purpose of embarking with my husband for the Cape of Good Hope—an embarkation ending after a weary voyage of three months, with shipwreck—I was told that Mr. O'Connell was going to head a meeting at the Corn Exchange, in Dublin; and a relation of his calling on me, said that she and a party of friends would accompany me, if I wished it, to hear him speak. My husband's chaperoning me to a political meeting was, of course, out of the question. The promise of an introduction after the meeting was over, made me accept the invitation immediately.

I had an excellent opportunity of hearing Mr. O'Connell in his happiest vein. He seemed to be in a very good humour indeed; and instead of those vituperations in which he is too apt to indulge, and which are unworthy of a man of such abilities, he dwelt more largely on the beauties of his country than on the conduct of his foes; and his eloquent descriptions of dear Ireland made me readily understand how powerful must be his influence over that people whom he is in the habit of addressing. Then his humour was so racy, that even when he ridiculed the men I had been accustomed to hear lauded to the skies, I could not help laughing at his witty sallies, his apt quotations, and his amusing similes.

The meeting over, we left the gallery, and, in descending, reached the glass-door of Mr. O'Connell's office. I looked over the little green curtain, and there was the "immortal Dan" leaning against the mantelpiece and engaged in conversation with his secretary—the earnestness of the debate being manifested by the various attempts made by the Lord Mayor to settle his wig to his liking—a sure demonstration, I had understood, of the "Agitator's" agitation.

He was so busy that we did not like to disturb him; and I had given up all idea of the introduction, when, just as we were debating about sending for umbrellas (the rain falling fast), Mr. O'Connell's carriage came *up*, and Mr. O'Connell himself came *down*. A few words of introduction—a courteous smile—and an offer of "conveying me home"—and in two minutes I was side by side with the Agitator. I declare I could hardly refrain from laughing; I could not but think of how my Tory relations would stare if they could but see me. I declare, too, I had a feeling of deception about me when I expressed myself delighted at having at length obtained the introduction I had so long desired; and after telling him of my old wish on that head, I said, with that candour which by many might be set down to wrong account—"I must tell you, Mr. O'Connell, that though I have long been anxious to meet you, though I have been most eager even to hear you speak, I cannot help thinking the Duke of Wellington the greatest man in the world: and I only say this lest you should attribute my desire of an introduction to you to any other motive than that of great admiration of your genius."

After all, what could Mr. O'Connell care for *my* motives? However, I satisfied my conscience—he was pleased to laugh at my honest avowal—and we understood one another perfectly.

Our drive, though short, permitted a few words of conversation. Something was said about the calamities and dissensions arising from

differences in religious opinions. I had, in the morning, seen Mr. O'Connell's bright-faced grand-daughter, as she came from chapel to the house where I was staying. His daughter, the Lady Mayoress, had also called—a fair, intelligent, creature; and, though the mother of a very large family, a still young and lovely woman. I had heard her express the most charitable opinions with evident ingenuousness; and could not but admire the domestic happiness to which the Agitator was wont to retire from the turmoils of public life. Let his choice of that life proceed from patriotic, ambitious, or selfish motives, or what it may, the position I found Mr. O'Connell held among his intimate friends and connexions surprised me. In the circle, who looked up to him as an idol of admiration and regard, I heard no political discussions; I listened only to anecdotes of his merry humour among his “people” at Darrynane and his grand-children at the Mansion House; and, having seen quite enough of the world (heaven help me!) to have rubbed off the rust of narrow-minded prejudices, I felt “how little *indeed* do we know of one another's inner life!”—how hard it is to judge of a man's private character by his public character!—and, above all, what a pleasant thing it is for one, (brought up, too, in directly opposite principles,) to discover redeeming, nay, endearing qualities, in one whom one has been led to consider altogether too worldly for the enjoyment of domestic affections. All this had passed through my mind before I found myself *tête-à-tête* with the Agitator; and as I have said, from one remark to another, we came to mutual regrets that difference of religious opinions between persons professing to be Christians should cause dissensions among families and destroy the ties of friendship. We began by being serious in our discussion—O'Connell ended it with an anecdote and a laugh.

“Did you never,” he said, “hear the anecdote of George the Third and O'Shaughnessy?”

“Never,” I replied.

“Well, then, I'll tell it you. O'Shaughnessy was a man whom George the Third used to employ to make his clothes, and even to alter them occasionally. He was anything but a fashionable artist; but whether it was that his work suited the king's homely habits, or that his majesty liked to have him about him, and to hear him talk, (as he did, with the Irish absence of reserve when encouraged,) I know not; certain it is, O'Shaughnessy was often summoned to Windsor, and was often known to hold long conversations with his royal employer, with whom he evidently increased in favour. This, of course, raised him many enemies; and at last, some who wished to do him injury in the sight of the king, told his majesty that O'Shaughnessy was a papist. The king did not send for him to dismiss him immediately as was anticipated, but the next time he had occasion to employ him, he called out—‘O'Shaughnessy! I say O'Shaughnessy! they tell me you are a *papist*! What religion *are* you, Mr. O'Shaughnessy—I say, what religion *are* you, eh?’ ‘Plase your majesty,’ replied O'Shaughnessy, very quietly and gravely, “I'm a—TAILOR!”

“Sure,” continued O'Connell, “the king never asked O'Shaughnessy another question on this subject. And wasn't it a good example to set, that as long as a man minds his own business, and does it well, it is no business of other people what his religious opinions may be?”



## THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ROBERT BELL.

## PART I.

"When Players come to act the Parts of Queens,  
Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes—

When two good Kings shall be at Brentford town,  
And when in London there shall not be one."

*Nostradamus's Prophecy.*—MARVELL.

"You see, Madam, here, the unhappiness of being born in our time, in which to that Virtue and Perfection, the Greeks and Romans would have given Temples and Altars, the highest thing we dare dedicate, is a Play, or some such Trifle."—*Dedication of the Mulberry Garden to the Duchess of Richmond.*—SEDDLEY.

THE age of the Restoration was not less memorable for its own excesses, than for the solemn decorum it displaced. The transition was sudden, startling, and complete, from the "shop-board breeding" of the ruffed and cloaked puritan,

"With cozz'ning cough and hollow cheek,"

to the spanking licentiousness of the cavalier. The rapidity of the change is scarcely intelligible to us, accustomed as we are to the silent and certain progression of the public mind. In a single night the frozen springs were set free, and London was flooded with long pent-up appetites and riotous passions. The king himself set the example, and had scarcely finished the enthusiastic reception at Whitehall, when he retired in indecent haste and impetuous disorder, to lull his fluttered royalty in the lap of Mrs. Palmer. It was like a general gaol delivery of all the vices, in a state of rabid excitement; and the frantic multitude, roaring through the streets, may be easily imagined, shrieking a tumultuous chorus, in the words of one of their own popular poets—

"Let every conduit run  
Canary, 'till we lodge the reeling sun—  
Tap every joy, let not a pearl be spilt,  
'Till we have set the ringing world a-tilt!"

A new race, new manners, new institutions, new licences, from that instant set in. The "men about town" of the new regime, that "starving crew," of whom, says Sedley,

"None but has killed his man, or writ his play,"

exhibited a daring contrast to their immediate predecessors; the men

"of sure election,  
With eyes all white, and many a groan,  
And neck aside to draw in tone."

The best picture of the times is to be found in the satires, epigrams, and lampoons of the day; where there was no sparing of the salient characteristics at either side, and where, through a haze of the strangest buffoonery and the most audacious caricature, we get a closer insight into the daily life of the period, than the conventional dignity of history will permit us to procure, except very rarely, in its more authentic pages. The two phases of the Commonwealth and the Monarchy have been felicitously epitomized, in the characters of Cromwell and Charles, by Cleaveland and Marvell, both stanch adherents to their opposite



parties. Cleaveland's famous lines on the Protector are well known, beginning with

"What's a Protector? He's a stately thing,  
That apes it in the non-age of a king;  
A Tragick Actor, Cæsar in a clown:  
He's a brass farthing stamp'd with a crown."

Whoever is curious to pursue the parallel between Cromwell,

"An outward saint, lined with a devil within,"

and Charles, as drawn by Marvell, who "kept his father's asses," and

"Who, in the mimics of the Spinstrian sport,  
Outdoes Tiberius and his goatish court,"

may be referred to these pieces of rampant satire, not only for familiar portraits of the individuals, but for the broad features of the ages on which they so vividly impressed their own likenesses. We here propose to confine ourselves to the racketting era of the Restoration, and especially to that distinctive aspect of it which we have ventured to call its town-life.

This town-life was a thing peculiar to the period. It never existed before, it never existed since, and it would be impossible to revive it. It was like the fair of Amsterdam (which, from the intensity of its abandonment, lasts only a single night), an uproarious carnival, sanctioned by examples that had all the influence of prescriptive authority, utterly independent of all law and morality, running riot at the perilous height of the animal spirits, inflamed with drink, and maddened with over-reaching lusts, that at last paralyzed the senses of the revellers, and smote their quivering pulses dead, while they were yet gasping in unfulfilled pleasures. This blood-wantonness, which, in its fearful and unbridled fury, bears some resemblance to the Image of Carnage, thrust itself, in the open daylight into the face of the people, fearless, shameless, lawless. It corrupted all the public places, it infected the tone of private society, swept like a pest from the court to the stews, contaminated even the literature of the day, and having first debauched the stage, ultimately elevated its polluted priestesses to the palace. Casting the loathsome responsibility of all this demoralization upon the right shoulders, Dryden, in his famous and fearless Epilogue to Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, branded the monarch with immortal infamy. Some of his lines fill the ear like a burst of trumpets:

"Misses there were, but modestly conceal'd;  
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd;  
Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,  
The strumpet was adored with rites divine."

In all this there was nothing but grossness and the lowest depravity. It was a Monster of Selfishness, without Faith, without Love, without Reason; ready to trample down all laws, sympathies, and affections, for the gratification of the meanest of its own crawling desires. One of the most curious illustrations of the surpassing licentiousness of the age, is to be found in the fact that two of the royal physicians in ordinary recommended themselves to the favour of the king by advocating his two predominant vices—the one making the king's favourite indulgence a sixth sense, and the other maintaining, in a grave scientific treatise, the advantage of the constant use of wine for the preservation

of health!\* Rochester is said to have left behind him a manuscript history of the intrigues of the court, which was burned by his mother, a woman of piety.† It is a great pity the papers were destroyed; they would have laid bare an *imbroglio* of profligacies such as the world has never conceived in its wildest dreams of wolfish prerogative let loose upon mankind.

The public of our day look back upon the orgies of that period with something of the same sort of feeling inspired by the dances of the witches on the Brocken. The whole scene is filled with similar wild and hellish gambols; and the only gleam of grace by which it is sparingly relieved, is that sparkling gaiety which distinguished most of the courtiers. But gaiety without heart is a very equivocal grace after all, and so its influence is but slightly felt. Yet there are many objects to provoke our curiosity in this strange hurly-burly. It is so opposed to our own experiences—so fantastic—so crowded with brilliant figures—so distracted with rays of light that seem to be perpetually melting each other down—that one wants to get a little nearer, to see how this dazzling life was actually carried on.

The habits and whereabouts of the wits and coxcombs, the Fribbles and Keepwells, the Beau Hewitts and Sedleys, suggest a variety of discursive inquiries that may be worth following out. If we get only a glimpse here and there of the town, under the influence of the delirium, it may repay the trouble of penetrating sundry obscure nooks and corners of a fugitive literature, frequently explored, but not yet exhausted.

The playhouse was the centre-wheel round which all the movements of the fashionable profligates revolved. The situation of the theatre-royal, abutting upon Drury-lane, was favourable to every species of intrigue, from the "lark" of the apprentice, at the Rose Tavern, to the more stealthy pleasure of an assignation in the Duke of Bedford's piazza. Covent-garden was a famous place for the rendezvous of lovers of all classes, and of all shades of morality. Martha, in Wycherley's comedy of *Love in a Wood*, speaks of meeting Dapperwit "in a piazza at midnight;" and Mrs. Frail, in *Love for Love*, jests about taking a turn in a hackney-coach with a friend, in Covent-garden square. The whole of that neighbourhood was the fashionable quarter, and Bow-street was the great lounge. Drury-lane was then an aristocratic locality, the stately piles of Craven and Bohemia houses occupying the greater part of that thoroughfare.

Descending towards the Strand, even but a few hundred yards, we at once get out of the fairy-land of our town-life. Once we leave Brydges-street to move southwards, or eastwards, we make as marked a transition as from light to darkness. The way by Craven house was scarred with pits and sloughs; and the Strand itself was nothing better than a bleak, rugged highway. The space round Covent-garden was covered with fields and gardens belonging to the abbots of Westminster; and the distant region beyond the village of Charing, now called Pall Mall, was a stretch of neglected pasture-ground, known as St. James's Fields. Fleet-street was in the same condition; and the actors were rejoiced when they were able to remove from the large theatre, called

\* Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 200.

† Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.



Dorset-garden, which stood on the site of Salisbury-square, to the "warmer land" of the new barn in Brydges-street.\* All this discomfort of exposed and ill-paved streets was rendered still more disagreeable by the imperfect mode of lighting then in use; the only escape from the "total eclipse" of the winter nights being in the dim shivering candle-lanterns which the inhabitants hung out from their houses, without the slightest reference to harmony of arrangement, or even economy of distribution. Yet this clumsy method of lighting the streets continued down to the last century; and when Mr. Winsor introduced gas, which he publicly exhibited for the first time on the front of his own house in Pall Mall, he was regarded as a foolish experimentalist, or something worse.

Some notion of the scattered state of the wondrous metropolitan hive at that period may be gathered from a snatch of crude verses, called "London's Progresse," published early in the seventeenth century. It is clear enough from the stanza, of which the first eight lines are subjoined, that the populous spots were divided from each other by empty spaces, over which, however, the busy labours of builders and projectors were rapidly casting a net-work of new streets. The poet, indeed, is so struck by the growing improvements, that he ventures to prophesy the extension of the town into the still retreats of husbandry and pastoral life, at remote Islington!

"Why how now, Babell, whither wilt thou build?  
The old Holborne, Charing-Crosse, the Strand,  
Are going to St. Giles's-in-the-Field:  
Saint Katerne, she takes Wapping by the hand,  
And Hogsdon will to Hy-gate ere't be long.  
London has gone a great way from the streame;  
If think she means to go to Islington,  
To eat a dish of strawberries and creame.†

This prophecy was no doubt considered pure moonshine at that time; but it is no longer a joke. Hoxton has not only paid a visit to Highgate, and London gone to take strawberries and cream with Islington, but Brixton and Hackney are united by crowded avenues of houses, and Brentford and Bow may be said to be joined by an almost unbroken line of brick and mortar. If the worthy epigrammatist could be suddenly called up from his grave to take a peep at the western section of London, from the summit of the Duke of York's column, how he would stare and rub his eyes!

The principal streets in the city, such as Ludgate and Eastcheap, with the adjacent alleys and labyrinths of lanes, courts, and crosses, were nearly impassable by the nobility, being extremely crowded, incommodious, and badly paved and lighted, besides being everlastingly invaded by morris dances, fêtes of the may-poles, the uproarious game of foot-ball, and dense processions of guilds, fraternities, and men-at-arms. Even so lately as towards the middle of the seventeenth century, Sir William D'Avenant complains of this state of things. "Sure your ancestors," he says, "contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheelbarrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented." He adds, satirically, that the distance between the garrets

\* See Dryden's Prologue for the opening of the Theatre Royal in 1674, and Powell's Prologue to *Bonduca*, 1676.

† Rub, and a great cast; and Runne, and a great cast. By Thomas Freeman: 1614



was so slight, that opposite neighbours might shake hands without stirring from home; that the roofs were so low, that he presumed people used formerly to stand bare to their wives; that there was no stirring out in coaches, because they were so uneasily hung, and so narrow as to look like sedans upon wheels (being also subjected to the obstruction of waggons and carts, which were literally protected in their right of way by royal proclamations); and that going a-foot was equally insecure, as one was almost sure to be stopped by some such heroic game as foot-ball.

D'Avenant's description of the low roofs is curiously illustrated by an anecdote told in the old chronicles of Queen Elizabeth, who, visiting Lord Burleigh one day at Burleigh house in the Strand, with that kind of pyramidal head-dress then in fashion, built of wire-lace ribands and jewels, shooting up to an enormous height, was requested by the usher to stoop as she entered; to which she replied, "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the King of Spain." This strange cock-a-too style of head-dress went out soon afterwards, but it was, nevertheless, still retained by some ladies in the time of Charles II., when the fashions became much more free, various, and elegant. Congreve evidently designed Mrs. Frail and her sister to be tricked out in this conspicuous mode. "An' you come to sea in a high wind," exclaims Ben, "you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head—top and top-gallant by the mess!" The attempts to reproduce this spire of ribands on the modern stage have not always been very successful. The best hint for the dresser is furnished by Mirabell's description of *Millamant*, in the "Way of the World." "Here she comes, i'faith, full sail, with her fan spread, and her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders!"

### THE SIMPLEST CHARM PREVAILS.\*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"——— I did hear you talk  
Far above singing."—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

I SAW her dance, and wish'd the night were longer  
To feast my eyes with motion, more and more;  
But when she simply walk'd, the spell grew stronger,  
And never had I seen true Grace before.

I heard her sing, and welcomes seem'd to greet her  
From airy lips and lyres, in grove and glen;  
But when she simply spoke, the charm was sweeter,  
The soul of Melody was mute till then.

I saw her weep, and with a beauty finer  
Than solemn Night's her starry brow was crown'd;  
But when she smiled, her face grew still diviner,  
And light like Morning's flash'd on all around.

\* Set to music by John Farnett for the *Pianista*.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EXECUTION IN CHINA.

BY FRANK LESLIE.

IN the month of March, 183—, Sam-se lost his life for having been found guilty of smuggling opium into the Celestial empire. The Chinese government had been for some time particularly indignant at the contemptuously open manner in which this forbidden traffic was carried on, and now that they had detected an offender, seemed bent on fully glutting their ire. Sam-se had been taken in a boat in the act of conveying opium from one of the traders which was then lying in the harbour to the shore. He was seen, pursued, and captured by one of his Celestial Highness's junks, against which he maintained a brave, though short resistance, having killed one and desperately wounded another of his opponents, a mandarin of inferior rank. The place of execution was a square, (the name of which I forget,) situated near the superintendent's house in Macao. Strangulation was the mode chosen for the fulfilment of his sentence.

It was a dark, lowering day on which Sam-se suffered. The time fixed for his execution was four P.M. Being strongly prompted by curiosity to witness the manner in which this kind of death was carried into effect, and fearful lest, if I delayed, I should not obtain a favourable view of the culprit and the machine, I was on the ground by a little after three. There were then only a few Chinese present. In a few minutes the instrument of death was brought forth, and was placed so near the spot on which I stood, that I involuntarily shrank from its contact. Behind me was a stone platform, about twenty feet square, and raised about four feet from the ground, in the centre of which stood a four-branched iron post, about the height of a lamp-post, on which, as I afterwards learnt, offenders were hung. On this platform I mounted, and within six feet of me stood the instrument, which, in ignorance of its proper name, I shall call "the strangling-table;" indeed, it presented much the appearance of a large and enormously strong kitchen-table. At the head, and about three inches apart, were two holes large enough to admit a tolerably stout rope; underneath was fixed horizontally a strong wooden beam, acting as a roller, and reaching to either leg. In this, also, were two holes, through which, and through two in a similar beam at the other end of the table, protruded the iron spindles of the rollers; in each of these, and immediately under the holes in the head of the table, was fixed a staple, having attached to it a small but strong rope, which, passing through the holes above, left a bight, or loop, of about a fathom's length, on the table. There were similar holes and rope at the foot; and at about arms' length from the head were two staples, to each of which was fastened a piece of small cord.

So interested was I in the observation of this horrible machine, that since its arrival I had not raised my eyes from it; and on doing so now, for the first time, I was surprised to see that, although it wanted but a few minutes to the fatal time, there were not above fifty or sixty persons present. The greater part of these were English or American sailors, with a few Portuguese residents. The sailors were "sky-larking"—pelting each other with oranges and bananas; while the rest of the spectators found sufficient amusement in laughing at their gam-



bols. The time was fast approaching, and I was anxiously on the look-out for the arrival of the victim. It now wanted but five minutes to four o'clock. An American sailor stepped up to me, and inquired the time. I told him—and he quickly communicated to the others the near approach of the minutes that were to hurry a fellow-mortal into eternity. In an instant all were breathlessly crowded around the table, which they seemed not to have previously noticed. Four o'clock came—and no prisoner appeared; five minutes after—and still he did not arrive. The sailors were again growing restless, and were resuming their former merriment—the Portuguese laughing and chatting as merrily as ever—the Chinese impatiently prying for an opportunity of exercising their thieving propensities—and I had just prepared myself against their attacks, when the mournful tolling of the prison-bell gave notice of the setting-out of the sufferer.

All was silent in an instant. Again the thoughtless sailors crowded around the table, still preserving, as if involuntarily, on their countenances the reflection of that good-humour with which they had been sporting. Soon was heard a loud hum, appearing to proceed from a distant part of the town: gradually it neared, and might be recognised as the clamour of loud voices, and the trampling of hurrying feet. In a few moments, thousands rushed in through every avenue of the square; and in an incredibly short space of time, the large area was filled with a mass of people of almost every nation. Here and there were small clusters of English or American seamen, standing almost a head and shoulders above the under-sized Chinese and Portuguese; here, was a white turban—there, the showy head-dress of the Lascars, with their fine but savage eyes, peering like balls of fire from the mass by which they were surrounded. Not a sound was to be heard, except an occasional shuffling among the sailors, who seemed inclined to jostle aside the foreigners, that they might themselves obtain as favourable a view as possible. Presently was heard the monotonous rattling of a drum, and almost at the same time the mournful procession appeared, escorted by a few mandarins of inferior rank, (and amongst them the one whom the culprit had wounded, and who carried his arm in a sling,) accompanied by about twenty or thirty official servants. These pressed forward, the crowd eagerly making way for them, and ranged themselves around the table, the mandarins standing at each end. Lastly came the criminal, guarded by two well-armed Chinese soldiers, and looking as unconcerned as if he were going to his dinner! But his countenance soon changed; and on perceiving the instrument, he trembled excessively, shuddered, and turned deadly pale: indeed, he seemed as if, until that moment, he had not thought of the death to which he was doomed, and then the dread of it came upon him in excess. He was conducted to the head of the table, and immediately four of the officials, who proved to be the executioner and his three assistants, stepped forward and received him from the soldiers. His hands, which were tied behind his back by the wrists, were then unbound, and in no very gentle manner he was lifted, or rather thrown, upon the table.

The chief executioner now called aloud, inquiring whether any of the sufferer's friends wished a final interview. Immediately I felt a shock in the crowd behind me, and there rushed forward a man who, I afterwards understood, was the brother of the unhappy wretch; he was



much troubled, but quickly produced about a dozen pieces of circular paper, about the size of shillings, covered with tin-foil. These he gave his brother, and then proceeded by means of steel, flint, and touch-paper, to obtain a light, which he held, that the prisoner might burn his paper antidotes against suffering in the other world. He did so; lighting one after the other until they were consumed: there were eleven of them. The brother then embraced him for the last time, and directly afterwards, setting up a loud, wailing cry, and covering his face with his hands, rushed amongst the crowd.

The executioner now called again; and, as he said, for the last time, making the same inquiry. No one answered; and the culprit was then placed in the position in which he was to suffer. He was now dreadfully affected, and seemed almost dead with fright. The rope at the head of the table was then placed over his neck—his face being upward; the rope at the foot was placed over his ankles, and his hands were bound to the staples I have mentioned, by the wrists. Each of the executioners produced a handle like that of a grindstone, and fixing it on the spindle of the roller, stood awaiting the signal to commence their horrid operations. It was given by the wounded mandarin; and the rope over the neck was soon drawn tight. Still they turned—tighter and tighter it became; the sufferer's face grew black and livid—his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets—the blood spouted from his eyes and nostrils—his tongue protruded from his mouth, and was much swollen—his hands, too, were swollen almost to bursting—his ankles were broken, and his feet almost separated from the legs by the cruel cord. They wound the handles with extreme slowness, evidently anxious to protract the poor wretch's sufferings.

During this time neither of the mandarins had spoken, or in any way interfered; and on looking at them at this juncture, I perceived on the countenance of him who had been wounded by Sam-se, a most diabolically malignant smile. As his foe's pain increased, so evidently did his pleasure. He seemed to drink in unutterable gratification in thus beholding the ignominious death and agonizing sufferings of the poor culprit. And in this man—this mandarin, was fully developed the despicable character of the Chinese as a nation;—diabolically revengeful, dishonourably crafty, and despairingly brave.

The sufferer was now writhing in a dreadful agony. He raised his head, knocking it violently on the table; but on repeating this action two or three times, one of the executioners seized his hair, and held his head to the table. At this time a drizzling shower fell, and for a few moments the executioners suspended the turning. The rain which visibly refreshed Sam-se, threw an indescribable gloom over the multitude, who had until now, remained in awful silence; but now when the prisoner's sufferings were thus inhumanly protracted, loud threatening murmurs arose, which caused a mandarin to command the resumption of the labour of death. It was now plain that the dreadful scene was about to close, for the sufferer was apparently insensible. After a turn or two more he heaved two or three short gasps, and all was over.

On a signal from one of the mandarins the turning ceased, and immediately the rope was removed from the neck, shewing the head almost severed from the body. The interval between the first and last

signal was nineteen minutes! Such is their barbarous protraction of a culprit's sufferings.

More than once during the progress of this horrible transaction did I attempt to withdraw myself from its spectators, but the masses around me too successfully wedged me in to admit of retreat. I was sick at heart at the degrading brutality of the scene. Thank God, I have beheld but one such execution, nor will I ever see another!

## THE ADVENTURES OF GANDERFIELD, THE BORE-HATER.

BY A CROTCHETY MAN.

"Jucundum nihil est, nisi quod reficit varietas."

### PROSE II.

As I said before, I went abroad, after leaving premonitory P.P.C.'s for my three bores. Having furnished, as fools are proverbially said to do, a stick for my own back, I cut it, and started. They were three to one against me. Unable to compete singly against such odds, and obstinately determined to remain single,

My native land I bade adieu;

and let every man who finds himself bored in England, follow my example.

Everybody who is anybody has seen a bottle of champagne opened; everybody who is nobody a bottle of Guinness's stout uncorked. What joyous effervescence!—what impetuous bursting forth! Such is the result of crossing the Channel to the bore-ridden denizens of the lugubrious, coal-consuming empire of Great Britain.

No sooner had I reached Paris, than I seemed to see clearer, hear clearer, feel clearer, understand clearer. It was as though a climbing boy had applied his shovel and brush to the sooty crannies of my brain! What careless faces around me—what sunny skies above! The air was light with laughter, the trees bright with blossoms. "*O plaisant pays de France!*" quoth I—(in the words of the unfortunate Mary, who lived to find that life in other lands was far from a joke)—"oh! pleasant land of France! may I sport through life on your buoyant soil, and lay my bones under it at last."

I have a decided conviction that the first man, Adam, (the only man expressly created to be a happy one,) must have been exactly twenty-one years and three months old, when he first trod the paths of Paradise and peace. Twenty-one is the age of happiness—twenty-one is the acme of mental and physical enjoyments! The mere act of coming of age is the greatest action of our lives; the transition of the grub into the butterfly—of the boor-lover into the mercurial harlequin. When I visited France I was just of age, and consequently the happiest of mankind. The only bores this world contained in my estimation, were divided from me by the British Channel; and all Europe lay laughing before me, like the goodly countenance of the moon in an almanac.

Paris, however, seemed to stand apart as Chapter I. of my autobiography. Paris was the centre of attraction to my erratic planet. In



former days, the cities of Italy used to be surnamed, like the kings of other countries; and surely, if Bologna were called Bologna the Fat, the French capital has a right to the title of Paris the Agreeable?—In London, everything one eats, drinks, or talks to, from the sirloin of beef to the port and member of parliament, is good and solid. In Paris, everything is *agreeable*; agreeable to the palate—agreeable to the eye. If you walk along the streets, the people you meet appear to reciprocate your pleasant feelings. They look so much in concert with *you*, that they put you in concert with *them*. All you notice in the shop-windows, is inviting. The clothes appear to say, “Come, wear me;”—the comestibles to murmur, “Come, eat me!” You enter the theatres, certain of being amused; you go into society, sure of being conciliated. To be bored in such a city is impossible. The very word has no existence in the French language—“*Quelle corvée!*” *their* mode of expressing being bored means only, “What a *tax!*” The passive sensation is undreamt of in their philosophy.

In Paris, the pleasures of the day begin earlier than elsewhere. In so pleasant a place, sleep, instead of “knitting up the ravell’d sleeve of care,” is only an interruption to enjoyments. That horribly domestic meal, breakfast, is accordingly made a pastime. A breakfast at Tortoni’s, or the Café de Paris, with a lively party, overlooking the gay Boulevards, while you devour half a hundred newspapers with your iced prawns and turkey-pinions, or your kidneys *au vin de champagne, ou à la brochette*, is an agreeable prelude to a shooting-match in Lepage’s Gallery, or forms a pleasant ending to a pigeon-match at Tivoli. For a Parisian *déjeuner* is always *à la fourchette*, diluted with wine and liqueurs and coffee;—being in fact the solid luncheon of plodding Great Britain.

Champagne maketh glad the heart of man—when man is his prime. It may be held a criterion of age, when the *déjeuner à la fourchette* renders a fellow heavy instead of light. For my part, after one of those capital *déjeuners* at the Union, or Tortoni’s, or the Café de Périgord, or the Café de Paris, I was always light as eider down—ready to make a fool of myself in the way most agreeable to my acquaintance;—a match at tennis—a hurdle chase—a *matinée musicale*; all, anything they chose! In winter, I preferred billiards, or a rehearsal at the opera. In summer, a clean hack and the Bois de Boulogne. Frenchwomen, always charming, are never *so* charming as in summer weather. An Englishwoman does well enough by the fireside, with her sensible conversation over her snug workbox; but an Englishwoman’s conversation is all large-talk—she has no more notion than Dr. Tickle of the small-talk so pleasant when the green lime-trees are rustling over one’s head, or in the *entr’acte* of an amusing vaudeville.

A Frenchwoman is *all* June—June, *de la tête au pieds!* Even in the dog-days, an English beauty dresses as though afraid the wind may change, or as if the weather looked threatening. If not on her shoulders, there are always half-a-dozen shawls and boas in the corner of the carriage. But the Parisienne, like the cuckoo, has *no* sorrow in her song—*no* winter in her year. Her draperies are light as her heart. She comes forth for her parties of pleasure, gay as a butterfly;—fresh gloves, fresh shoes, her chip-bonnet trimmed with flowers from which one might almost brush the dew; and a dress, concerning which one longs to inquire, as George the Third did of the apple in



the dumpling, how she managed to get into it—so untumbled and neat is every fold! And then, she is predetermined to be amused, and consequently, sure to be amusing. Her day of pleasure has neither yesterday nor to-morrow; no unpleasant reminiscences; no jarring apprehensions disturb her cheerful mind; prepared to enjoy the bright sky which Heaven has placed over her head, the green herbage under her feet, the admiring friends who share these pleasures in her company,—self seems to have disappeared from her calculations when she took leave of it on quitting her toilet;—that is, self is so exquisitely a matter of worship with her, that she has hit upon the exact mode of rendering it a matter of worship to other people.

So much for a pretty Frenchwoman, in a neat calèche, with a handsome pair of horses, on a party of pleasure to St. Cloud, or with posters on her way to Versailles, across the heathy heights of Ville d'Avray!

“*Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis.*”

Conceive, reader—if you are of an age and steadiness to conceive it, without injury to decorum—a *diner sur l'herbe* with half-a-dozen of these charming creatures, either under the Spanish chesnuts of Montmorency, or the elms of Mendon, broomy knolls glistening like gold from a distance between the thickets, as if the sunshine had fallen to the ground and was too lazy to get up again; and all the foreground carpeted with wood-anemone or lilies of the valley! Conceive these laughing, light-hearted, light-headed beings, whose thoughts are winged like butterflies, and whose feelings ephemeral as the May-fly—conceive them bent on a day's pleasure, of which you are to supply a portion;—now cooing sentiment—now chattering raillery, while Chenet's baskets are unpacking, and the Saint Peray and dry champagne float, plunged into the rippling stream, in a basket moored to a boat-post;—conceive these volatile beings insisting upon your suspending their pretty bonnets to the trees and improvisating divans for them on the turf, by covering with their cachemire shawls the cushions of the carriages!—First, you find yourself commanded, as a slave; soon, employed, as a servant; next, requested, as a friend; and it will be your own fault if before the day is over, you do not obtain some prospects of promotion to a happier grade before the next party of pleasure. Even the friends, and friends' friends, of the one fair creature to whom you accord the honours of slave-driving you in the hopes of one day making her a slave in return, adopt you as a component part of their brilliant circle, or rather as a leaf of their garland of flowers; for nothing can be more harmoniously intertwined than the lovely blossoms of a Parisian coterie. No people better understand the truth of the adage, that “Union is strength.”

These summer parties generally end with dancing; and dancing I was not then old or stupid enough to have attained the dignity of despising. Waltzes, impetuous as the whirl of a Catherine-wheel—galoppes, frantic as the flight of a rocket—and, after the dancing, fruit, and champagne, and whispering, and moonlight, and a drive home in open carriages, with the acacia-blossoms loading the air with their fragrance, and the stars twinkling through them, as though laughing in their spheres at human folly!

Then, we used to make parties to dine at Legriel's, to eat gudgeon,

as the idlers of London dine at Greenwich to eat whitebait, only that Greenwich has no promenades uninfested by old pensioners and tobacco, whereas St. Cloud has its avenues of chesnut-trees, freshened by the falling fountains and water-beds of forget-me-nots, infested by nothing less satisfactory than grisettes—and those only on Sundays. Or we dined at Courbevoie, and attempted water-parties at Neuilly; and of all the amusing creatures to get into a boat, except an ostrich or some other desert-bird, give me a Frenchwoman. Such terrors—such hysterics—such dread of wetting her feet or spoiling her dress—and all so gracefully expressed, as she imploringly appeals to “*mon ami*” for succour or redress. I am not sure that dry land had anything to offer half so pleasant as those ridiculous water-parties.

When one wanted something more private and confidential than the whole garland of flowers, there were *tête à tête à quatre* at the Rocher de Cancale or Frères Provençaux, and the vaudeville or Palais Royal afterwards, in an *avant scène* box, which just holds four, two who can see without being seen, and two who neither see nor are seen. To such an evening of pleasant nothings, a *sorbet* or *tranche de melon* in the carriage, at Tortoni's door, forms a charming termination.

There are fifteen theatres, all as amusing as theatres can be, perpetually open at Paris, to afford diversification to these little anti-domestic domestic parties; and environs, rich in parks, woods, fountains, waterfalls, and other accessories of the picturesque, to vary the morning promenades. For those in search of wilder pleasures, there are the public balls at Tivoli, the Chaumière, and Heaven knows how many guinguettes besides! and Franconi's, and Musard's, and Hazard and Rouge et noir. Day after day, and night after night, I said to myself—“Laud me the gods, O Ganderfield! At Paris, the very notion of being bored loses its terrors.” Amid this hurry of delight, one could encounter a bore without shrinking. Had I even heard that Harriet, Emma, and old Meanwhile, were arrived at Meurice's, I should not have fallen into a swoon!

Short-sighted mortal that I was! before the second year was half at an end, I had discovered that this very bustle of pleasure was in itself a bore. One was dizzy with enjoyment—dark with excess of light. The picture wanted shade—the music wanted an adagio. All was bewilderment—all was *prestissimo*. There was no saying to oneself—“Soul, take thine ease.” One's soul was always wanted somewhere else—always on the stretch—always on the wing. One could never get rid for a day of the full-dressed gêne of blazing lights and a brilliant toilet. I began to sigh for the night-gown and slippers of life, the green lane, the secluded shrubbery, the nightingale in the thicket, the thrush upon the thorns. I suppose I was in love, or I never should have come to trouble myself (when I might have gone to hear Nourrit and Damoreau Cinti) with nightingales or thrushes!

If I *were* in love, to my disgrace be it spoken—for the only person who just then occupied my attention, (the fine ladies having all migrated to Baden or Dieppe, and the fine gentlemen, of course, to Dieppe and Baden,) was a *blanchisseuse enfin*. I was going to write it down in simple English—a clear-starcher. But a clear-starcher of the British Islands is usually a woman with bare, bony arms, a stuff petticoat, a gown drawn through the pocket-holes, and a face that might serve as a hatchet for the Last of the Mohicans; whereas



Ma'mselle Célestine was a fairy of two-and-twenty, with blue eyes fringed with black, tresses worn Madonna-wise, a close-fitting gingham gown, and a hand that, when wielding the iron, perfectly accounted for the stroke of fortune which converted Marie Mignot, the laundress, into the wife of a field-marshal, and all but promoted her to the throne of Poland.

Ma'mselle Célestine occupied a second-floor apartment on the opposite side of a court-yard into which I was constantly forced to look, because the sun shone enough to give one a brain-fever into my drawing-room, overlooking the Tuilleries Gardens. The first time I noticed the *blanchisseuse enfin* hanging up lengths of lace and embroidered caps and handkerchiefs to dry on a clothes'-line, I turned up my fastidious nose, and talked of changing my lodgings. A few hours afterwards, she seated herself at her ironing-board, facing my windows; and my curiosity was excited by the adroitness with which she wielded the quilling-iron, and produced those inimitable plaitings which constitute half the charm of a Parisian's summer costume. She was, as I soon discovered, the best getter-up of fine linen in all Paris, and

Quid est suavius quàm bene rem gerere bono publico?

By the time I had watched her ironing for an hour or so, I began to perceive that the face which hung over this delicate work was as fair as one of Guido's goddesses, and so I watched it for an hour or two longer; and the next day, and the next, found myself watching again. For there was always something new to be discovered. On Monday, I found out that I had never seen so delicate a waist; on Tuesday, I saw that Ma'mselle Célestine had a singularly well-made arm; on Wednesday, that her dress was as well made as herself; on Thursday, that few London Countesses have their hair half so elegantly arranged; on Friday, that the foot matched in symmetry with the hand; on Saturday, however, I made no discoveries. I was busy charging my valet de chambre to go and make all the inquiries in his power respecting my opposite neighbour; and on Sunday, I was *too* busy listening to the intelligence he had collected to think of anything else in the world!

Ma'mselle Célestine belonged to that peculiarly Parisian class—the *grisettes*. She was irreproachable in conduct, yet far from respectable. According to her own account, she was an orphan. Strange to tell, ALL *grisettes*, according to their own account, are orphans; and as they cannot all issue from the Foundling Hospital, it is scarcely uncharitable to conclude that not a few of them play the Regan and Goneril towards elderly vendors of plums and apples. It is probable that many a *portière* in her *loge* is perfectly aware—

“How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!”

Ma'mselle Célestine, however, was really an orphan. She had lost her papa and mamma in the wars of Napoleon. Many lost their fathers—she was so unfortunate as to lose *père et mère*; the bullets had found double billets in her family. But though, even by this, her own account, she must have been an orphan from earliest infancy, it did not appear that anybody, except the Providence which feedeth young ravens, had taught her young ideas how to shoot, or provided her with food or raiment. Her skill as an ironer must, consequently, have been in-



tuitive: and according to the system which converts the callow down of the young ravens into their perfect plumage, it is to be inferred that Providence had also provided the well-fitting gingham gown and shapely prunella shoes and bonnet *à la belle*. Certain it was that Célestine, at two and twenty, lived alone, and took exceeding good care of herself; and not alone of herself, but of a certain Monsieur Gustave, a lawyer's clerk, who used to come and visit her every evening at dusk.

Before I obtained this authentic information, I thought that the visitor at dusk was a duke in disguise; and *him* I might at least have attempted to supersede in her affections. But when I found that it was a lawyer's clerk pursuing an honest courtship "*pour le bon motif*," (as Paris politely designates matrimony,) I felt that *my* motives were by no means to be spoken of with *his*.

I no longer took pleasure in watching the lovely Célestine plait her frills, or quill her *pélérines*, in the well-fitting gingham gown; on the contrary, I took exceeding great pain. I was, nevertheless, always on the watch. I used to watch her watching for the arrival of Monsieur Gustave. Nay, I knew her delight to be so exquisite when her door opened and the well-known hand was laid upon her shoulder, that I took, at last, to watch for him myself, and even longed to communicate to her the interesting fact, when I discovered him, from my front-window, about to enter the court-yard, full three minutes and a half before she could be apprised of it herself. Poor girl!—had I not known of his arrival, I should have guessed, by her heightened complexion, and the rapidity with which she dashed the flat-iron up and down, to the irreparable injury of many a flounce, the moment she caught the sound of his step upon the stairs! What would I have given to have been loved by Célestine as she loved that lawyer's clerk!

My eyes were always upon them. To an ironer *enfin* a clear light is indispensable—and there were, consequently, no curtains to her room. I had a sort of curiosity (*pour le bon motif*) to ascertain the progress of such an attachment as theirs; and as I said before, it ended with my finding such an attachment indispensable to my happiness; not *such* an attachment, however, but that very *identical* attachment.

There is no sort of folly a man will not commit when he is in love, even with a clear-starcher. As I could not make Célestine my love, I made her my washerwoman; and in order to increase the measure of my benefits, bought dozens of shirts loaded with dozens of frills—and dozens of dozens of pocket handkerchiefs, as if I had been suffering from dozens of influenzas and catarrhs. I determined to try her constancy by the amount of my weekly bill—not reflecting how dirty a fellow Célestine was entitled to think me, on finding that three dozens of shirts and six dozens of pocket-handkerchiefs a week scarcely sufficed me. It was only on hearing from my valet her observation, that since she was a laundress, she had never met with a gentleman who required so much keeping clean, I determined to pay her a visit, and not rely upon my pocket-handkerchiefs to officiate as *billets-doux*.

How lovely she looked when I entered the room—presiding over half a dozen wash-tubs, each having its appropriate nymph or undine. I have little doubt that my six dozen had occasioned a necessity for an extra three or four; and never shall I forget the air of deference with which Célestine dried her hands from the suds—placed a chair for me

—wiped it down with an apron which left soapy traces on the steam—and awaited—*my orders!*

At first, the warm humidity of the atmosphere delighted me. It was like living in a vapour bath, or a Sicilian climate. Even the saponaceous particles in the air revived me. I felt proud—I felt happy—I felt almost as great a man as the lawyer's clerk! For *him*, indeed, I had never seen the nimble fingers of Célestine wipe down a chair!

Every day after that visit, the chair was set for me; though after the first, there was no further occasion for its de-saponification. Endless variety presented itself in the domestic life of the lovely clear-starcher which I might have vainly sought for in households of more aristocratic nature. The Duchess of Monday is the Duchess of Saturday; and from July to eternity, the monotonous propriety of the inane fashionable remains monotonously inane! But at Célestine's, one day did *not* certify another. There were the washing days—the drying days—the ironing days; and I soon began to take as much delight in the bright atmosphere and scorched emanations of the latter as in the moist vapour of the former. I tried all three in alternation. There was always something that required improving in the plaiting of my frills to demand my personal superintendence; and as the prudent lawyer's clerk wore, of course, no *jabots*—nay, perhaps restricted himself to dickies—I had so far the advantage over him. The *ouvrières* declared that they had never had so particular a gentleman under their irons as “*Monsieur Gants de fil.*”

On the other hand, the moral existence of the *piquante* and charming Célestine was everything that the most fastidious man could exact. *She* required no bleaching fluid—*she* wanted no starch;—*she* was clear from spot as a lawn kerchief of her own washing! By degrees, as I had the gratification of seeing the lawyer's clerk less punctual in keeping his terms, I began to dream of the possibility of converting a clothes'-line into the silken tie of matrimony. As Simonides hath it—

Γυναικος ουδε χρημ' ανηρ ληιζεται  
Εσθλης αμεινον, ουδε βυγιον κακης,

and if Ma'mselle Célestine did not make me a matchless wife, at least she would make me an irreproachable laundress.

I went on watching and watching—and Célestine washing and washing—and the course of true love for once ran smooth—ay, smooth as though it had been ironed! My new modes of life, though *soap-orifically* tranquil, rendered me the happiest of men, till one day, on the entrance of Mademoiselle Célestine's neat wicker basket, containing my half dozen dozen shirts and *mouchoirs* of super-erogation, I detected a supercilious smile on the lips of my valet. Now, though a man may make up his mind to the desperate act of committing matrimony with a fair one of low degree (yet why not speak it out, since I did *not* marry her, and say boldly with a *blanchisseuse de fin?*) I could not make up my mind to be laughed at for my weakness by my valet de chambre. One can bear the sneers of the world—for the world lives at a distance—but the sneers of the fellow to whom one disburses wages once a quarter, come nearer home.



Yet where was my remedy ! If I dismissed the facetious rascal, his successor might prove equally jocose, and another, and another. I foresaw a whole perspective of grinning footmen ! How did I know, moreover, that this jocular fellow was not laughing at me more as a dupe than as a lover ? Perhaps he was further behind the scenes than myself in this new edition of " Love in a Tub ? " Perhaps he was aware that Célestine and the lawyer's clerk were in league to deceive me ?

Never did I feel more bored than when this suspicion entered my head. From that moment, the pungent aroma of soap became hateful to me, and the sight of starch, even in a grocer's window, made me turn blue. I was thoroughly in the suds !

I have but one system of policy on such occasions. When anything or any one bores me, I take up my garments and flee. I always beat a retreat. If I get into any other species of scrape, I stay and fight it out ; but there is no shame in running away from a woman. So, at least, I said to myself when (having fairly stared Monsieur Gustave out of the laundry, and instead of paying my court in his place, paid nothing but my weekly bills,) I ordered post-horses, and made the best of my way to Baden-Baden.

To have come to any explanation with the lawyer's clerk would have been double derogation. I should have expected to find *des bulles de Savon* discharged at me, instead of *des balles de pistolet*. I therefore judged it best to place a distance of four hundred miles betwixt me and the bore of such an affair.

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TO ———.

BY MISS SKELTON.

ASK me not *how* I love thee.—Feel this heart  
Beat to thine own with pulses wild and high ;  
Let its mute throbbings tell how dear thou art—  
Take from these gazing eyes a passionate reply.

I cannot speak my love.—But I can be  
Thine own through life and death—and only thine.  
*Thy* love may fail or cool, but mine for thee  
Is life-long worship at a changeless shrine.

That raven hair may blanch—that lofty brow  
Lose its calm beauty—that pure heart its truth ;  
But *mine* shall keep these perfect—mine shall throw  
Round thy sad failing age the hopes and power of youth.

Thy path is now amid the bright and gay,  
Thyself so gay and bright ; but change must come ;  
And those who share thy noontide's sunny way  
Will enter not with thee thy quiet evening home.

Then shalt thou know how deeply I have loved—  
Then wilt thou turn to me ; and, heart to heart,  
We, from our calm retreat, will watch, unmoved,  
The fickle summer friends of thy proud life depart !



## THE OATH.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

AT a later hour than usual one evening in the black and dreary month of November, lights were still to be seen in the humble Parsonage House, situated in the village of Tylehurst. The pious old curate, who had resided in it for more than half a century, had read the usual evening service to his grandchild and their only attendant, the latter had retired to rest, but the old man still lingered, and seemed anxious to retain his grand-daughter near him.

He had that day heard that the home which had sheltered him for so many years was soon to become the abode of another. He had risen from his knees resigned, if not consoled; but as he looked on the little object of his fond and anxious love, the orphan girl bequeathed to him in her infancy by a dying son, and since cherished in his inmost heart as the living image of her lost father—as he beheld her eyes raised to his in anxious inquiry, and remembered that she also must go forth a houseless wanderer, the cup of sorrow overflowed, and, folding his loved Mary in his arms, he wept over her long and silently. The affectionate girl, who had never before seen her grandfather so affected, almost feared to ask the cause of his unwonted emotion, and with her arm fondly encircling his neck, she remained silent, while her tears mingled with his as they chased each other down his furrowed cheek. “We must go hence, my precious Mary—we must leave our home!” at length uttered the curate—“and the flock I have so long guarded and watched over, till their joys and sorrows have become my own, will henceforth be tended by a stranger.”

“But why, grandfather—why must we go? Surely all here love you, and none would wish to part with you? What would have become of that poor boy who caused his parents so much sorrow, and then came home to die, hardened and unrepentant, if it had not been for your warning voice and pious counsel, which led him to see his error and turn to his Saviour for mercy? And what will become,” continued she, “of the poor old men and women who cannot, from their age and infirmities, go to church to hear the word of God—who will read the Bible to them to comfort them under their afflictions, if you are going away? And where are we going?” added she, something of new-born pleasure springing up in her young mind at the prospect of change—a journey, perhaps—and Mary’s eyes became bright through her half-dried tears.

“I cannot answer your questions, to-night, my child; to-morrow’s dawn will, I hope, find me resigned to the will of Him who, with the trial, will doubtless give me strength to bear it. Good night, my Mary!” said he, as he fondly embraced the child of his tenderest love ere he released her from his arms and bid her seek her pillow. But Mary could not sleep; and soon after daylight, she was at the door of their nearest neighbour, to relate all she knew of her grandfather’s affliction, and his assertion that they were to leave the Parsonage. Something of the kind had been whispered about in the village the evening before, and already had the parishioners determined to use their utmost endeavours to keep with them him who they styled their friend and father (such, indeed, had he been to one and all!) Mary’s early visit confirming the previous rumour, it was soon spread abroad,

and as it chanced to be market-day in the neighbouring town, a large assembly of the parishioners gathered together, and when the 'squire passed through their village, submitted to him their wishes, and besought him to aid them with his advice.

As the cause of this dreaded change arose from the death of the late rector, and the promise of the bishop, in whose gift was the living, to bestow it on a young man, who, in his turn, had promised the cure held under it by the poor old curate to a friend of his own—the parishioners could only appeal to the new rector, or to the bishop of the diocese; and the latter being at hand, while the immediate residence of the former was unknown, they determined on signing a memorial, to be drawn up by the 'squire, importuning the bishop's interference, and beseeching him not to suffer the removal of the pious and worthy minister who had so long dwelt among them, and whose ministry had, for so many years, made them a happy and united flock.

Not a signature was missing to this memorial;—the bed-ridden, the infirm, were supported while they affixed their names or their mark—the young and helpless had their hands guided by their parents, who bid them pray for the success of their petition. When all was complete, the 'squire himself took it to the curate; and though the poor old man had known and felt himself beloved by his little flock, this proof of their faithful attachment nearly overcame the calm he had been struggling, by prayer and reflection, to re-establish in his usually placid mind; but when he found it the wish of his parishioners, and urged by the 'squire, that he should himself wait upon his bishop with this memorial, he felt that something was yet to be attempted for their good, and he prepared to set out, with his beloved Mary, on their journey—for though in reality but a short distance, and, in these days, coming within the denomination of a drive, it was, in the primitive years of which we are writing, considered a journey, especially for one who, like our curate, rarely passed the boundary of his parish.

The Bishop of — was a man distinguished for his courteous and accessible habits as much as for his learning and piety. Our travellers were at once admitted to his presence, and the aged curate received with that kind and cordial warmth to which his years and known character entitled him. His story was soon told; and as the bishop's eye glanced rapidly over the rich tribute to his worth contained in the memorial he presented, his interest became greater, and his wish to befriend his petitioner increased. "My promise of this living," said his lordship, "was long since given to the gentleman who has now so hurriedly appointed a curate to succeed you. I hope my influence with him may be sufficient to induce him to rescind the appointment, and that you may still be continued to watch over the flock on whom your ministry has evidently not been expended in vain. I will write this very day," added he, "and you shall know the result of my mediation as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, comfort yourself, my dear sir, with the hope that all will be well, and that the issue of this, as well as every other event, is in the hands of Him who knows best what is good for us." The aged pastor and his grand-daughter returned to their beloved parsonage—he with a faint hope that it might still afford a shelter to his remaining days, and she in all the freshness and innocence of happy youth, satisfied that the bishop, whose presence had been so imposing to her, could not be unsuccessful in his promised interference.



More than a fortnight elapsed without any news reaching them, when, one afternoon, while they were seated in the same parlour where we first found them, watching the bright fire's blaze (for the pale and watery sun had sunk below the horizon), they were startled by a tall, dark shadow in front of the window. "Oh, it is the bishop!" exclaimed Mary, as she sprang from the low stool on which she had placed herself, by her grandfather's knee—"he is come to tell us we are to stay." The pastor thought differently; he felt that the bishop's visit to his humble home was more likely intended to soften the blow which awaited him, than to announce good tidings. And the curate was right. The bishop's first application had been unsuccessful—he had essayed again—and had even proposed to provide some other curacy for the gentleman to whom the one of Tylehurst had been promised—but in vain; there was a perseverance on the part of his friend that vexed him; and he told his disappointment with all the tenderness and consideration a good and kind-hearted man would feel when forced to pain another. The aged pastor, on hearing the result, raised his hands to heaven, saying, "God's will be done! the work-house must be our shelter, for I am penniless!" The cry of distress that broke from Mary's lips as she threw herself on her grandfather's breast, as though she would shield him from his impending fate, awoke the deepest sympathy in the bishop's heart. "Must they, then, be driven hence?—is there no alternative?" he asked himself; when suddenly a new thought occurred,—his promise had been given, but no forms had yet been gone through—his friend had not been inducted to this living—and seizing the curate's arm, he exclaimed—"But one course is left me: I cannot command the curacy, but I will give you the living." The old man wildly started up, and "Will you by ——!" issued from his lips; but in an instant, his face became crimson, his lips trembled, and he had nigh fallen to the ground from excess of shame and confusion. During a long life, such an expression had never stained the purity of his lips, had never sullied the holiness of his language—and now, before his bishop, to have thus forgotten himself! Mary—his gentle Mary—either disbelieved her senses or feared for her grandfather's reason,—both child and sire remained motionless, with downcast eyes, awaiting the censure which would doubtless crush their new-born hopes, and rebuke the old man's sin.

But the kind-hearted prelate saw it all; he knew the frailty of the best of mortals, and felt that he had overtasked the heart-stricken and aged curate's mind by his precipitancy in holding out such an unlooked for prospect of earthly good. No rebuke hovered near his lips—pity was his only feeling for the aged being, who appeared sinking under the weight of the impious expression he had unguardedly and unintentionally uttered, and, with the kindness of an angel's heart, he sought to raise the humbled man by debasing himself, as he exclaimed—"By —— I will!"

The aged curate—the young girl—were in an instant at his feet,—both felt the value of that echoed oath. The old man prized the promise which raised him from beggary to wealth, but he adored the delicacy which had restored him to himself, and taken from his cheek the blush of shame. Meekly and reverently his spirit turned for pardon from the bishop to his God,—but where human love had been so indulgent to error, could he doubt of divine mercy!



## THE ROYAL HUNT.

BY JOHN MILLS,

AUTHOR OF THE "OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

EARLY in March, and nearly twelve at night, I arrived at the well-known inn at Salt-Hill, cold and weary. The host received me with a profusion of smiles and bows, holding the stirrup while I dismounted, and offering to see my horse attended to while I obtained those little consolatory indispensables—refreshments. But a sportsman's maxim being to attend personally to the wants of his horse ere he attends to himself, I declined the offer, and proceeded to the stable with my favourite.

"A likely hanimal, this ere oss, sir," remarked a little bandy-legged ostler.

"Yes," I said; "there never was a better. The rasper cannot be too great, nor the run too long."

"So I ad a hidea from his shape-an'-make, sir. Bit of a warmint, tho', I suspect."

"He is very high couraged, yet an excellent temper," I replied.

"Them's *my* pips! Nothin' like blood-an'-bone from the queen to the oss, sir. I know'd he was the right sort. I should think I was a bit of a judge," said the egotistical ostler, with a self-satisfied chuckle.

"The throw off will be unusually great to-morrow," I said. "Have you any gentlemen sleeping here?"

"No we ain't, sir; only von. Our stalls, 'owever, is full o' osses; and taking the lump, I never see'd greater clippers. But," he added, laughing, "I 'spect some on 'em 'll shake their tails a few afore to-morrow at this time; for old Ripley's to be turned out, I 'ear. Mr. Davis gives a brexfast to-morrow morning," he continued; "and her Majesty is a comin' to see the hanimal turned out. There *will* be a set of muffs a riskin' of their precious necks, I've a hidea."

This was no news to me. The papers had announced the intention of the Queen to honour the last day of the season with her presence, and great were the preparations made by all classes to join in the sport. Saddles, bridles, boots, coats, spurs and whips, received an extra rub and polish. Many, who never intended to risk the chances of the chase, determined to stand the hazard of the die for once, and metamorphose themselves into daring Nimrods.

"That oss next to yourn belongs to the gen'lman wot's sleeping 'ere. A very spiey kid he is, and no mistake," observed my loquacious friend.

I looked at the animal, and, to my delight, saw that it was my friend McDonald's picture of a horse. He was a superb animal. His blood as pure as that of the Ptolemies, and black and shining as the polished jet. His limbs were perfect symmetry, and shaped in Nature's faultless mould.

"That is the only horse I ever coveted," I said; "and yet I think my own can do as much across a stiff country."

"A uncommon good match they'd be, by what I can judge, sir. Howsomdever," addressing the horse, "you're *done up* for this night, my boy; and if I don't mistake, you'll be *done up* to-morrow night, haw! haw! haw!"

I smiled at the intended facetiousness of the remark, and proceeded

to the house, where I found McDonald comfortably sprawled upon a sofa before a roasting fire, smoking cigars and joking with a pretty smart chambermaid, who was holding a candle and warming pan.

As soon as he saw me, he sprung up, and seizing my hand, said, "My dear fellow, how are you? I was just going to my dormitory, not having any one to talk to, except Susan here, who began to get tired. Susan, my dear, take away that candle and sheet-warmer, we intend making ourselves comfortable previous to availing ourselves of your kindness. Now, my boy, for the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

After discussing some excellent viands and divers quantities of foaming ale, we commenced relating anecdotes and adventures over a bowl of punch of capacious dimensions.

"I will tell you how I managed to obtain Ellen's consent," said McDonald, after some previous conversation. "As you know, we are to be married this day week. To mention, in a direct manner, my wish, was impossible, out of pure gallantry—bless her heart! However, I managed it like an artful old fox. 'Ellen,' I said, 'you must persuade the governor to take you to the hunt on Thursday; the scene will be extremely gratifying.' 'Papa has already offered to do so,' she replied; 'but I shall not go unless you accompany us.' 'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,' I said; 'but promising you never to hunt again, of course the affair is impossible.' 'But you can ride with us and see it,' she replied. 'Ride in the carriage and see it!' I said—'it would break my heart; and,' added I, in an under tone, just sufficient for her to hear me, 'it will almost, if I keep away.'

"If you could have seen her at that moment, God bless her! she looked so beautifully unhappy—her large blue eyes filled with tears—I felt such a rascal! But Heaven forgive me! I thought more at that moment of to-morrow's fun, than her tears. 'You wish to ride,' she said, 'do you?' I placed my arm round her taper waist, and giving her a kiss, whispered, 'If you allow me this once, it shall be the *last*.'"

I awoke about seven. The "glorious orb of day" tinged the sky with varied and glowing hues; the refreshing tears of morning sparkled brilliantly upon Flora's lap; the birds sang joyously their matin thanksgivings, setting a worthy example to beings of a larger growth:—In plainer language, it was a very fine morning.

Under my window lounged a careless-looking, handsome young man, smoking a cigar. He was equipped in scarlet and top-boots, and occasionally sung a verse or two of a sporting song. Upwards of fifty noble horses were being paraded in their clothes up and down a paddock, in front of my window, taking a sniff of the morning air, which, by the learned in equestrian science, is deemed indispensable previous to great exertion. My horse was among the number; and as he proudly arched his neck, and disdained to touch the earth with his daisy-trimmers, I determined he should this day win a wreath of laurel, by putting his best leg foremost.

Carriages, tandems, buggies, gigs, dog-carts, donkey-carts, coaches, omnibuses, waggons, every description of vehicle, from the ancient and dilapidated to the most dashing modern four-in-hand, now came rattling to the door. "Here he comes! Here he comes!" shouted a hundred voices. Five or six hundred yards from us a beautiful carriage with four horses approached. The harness and trappings were covered with silver, which glittered in the sun; and as if conscious of their



attractive appearance, the high-blooded animals lifted their feet nearly to their chests, as they came tearing along. It was Lord —, the Master of the Hounds, and his friends, consisting of young sporting noblemen. His lordship was driving, and as he pulled up at the inn, and threw the reins from his hand, the people gave a hearty cheer.

Preparations were now made for the sport. Some were mounting, others were dismounting against their inclination; and as a new disciple of Nimrod found himself biting the dust in a sprawling attitude, loud laughed the crowd, much to the discomfiture of the fallen hero.

It was just eleven, when an elegant little carriage, drawn by two white ponies, came quickly along the road. In this quiet and unostentatious style approached the Queen. A diminutive, ragged, shoeless urchin lifted the remnants of a straw hat from his head, as the carriage passed him, which was most graciously acknowledged by her Majesty. The well intended and studied politeness of the little fellow was returned with more observance than to the highest in the kingdom. As the carriage neared, the loud cheers caused many of the horses to rear and become very restive. McDonald, who had been talking to some ladies in a carriage, joined in the hurrahs! But no sooner had he given one shout than his horse gave a furious plunge in the air, whirled round and round, snorted with distended nostrils, and his eyeballs shooting fire. At every plunge he neared the carriage where the ladies he had left were sitting. McDonald appeared glued to the saddle, and used every exertion to prevent approaching the spot where the ladies were. The horse's fury increased, and when within a few yards of the carriage, finding no other means left, McDonald plunged the rowels deeply into his flanks, and lunging him with all his power, hurled the excited animal to the ground. One of the ladies screamed "He's killed! he's killed!" and sunk upon the seat of the carriage; but McDonald, to the astonishment of all who witnessed the accident, was not in the slightest degree injured, and disengaging himself from the stirrups, he struck the prostrate horse, and making him rise, mounted again as if nothing had occurred, amid innumerable cheers and compliments. He proceeded to the carriage, where I joined him, and found the lady, who had fainted, a young and beautiful girl, just recovering from her fright. The dazzling brilliancy of her eyes was most striking, increased no doubt by the excitement she had undergone. Her lips were white with fear, and although suffering under intense emotion, a more lovely creature I never saw.

"Ellen," said McDonald, "don't be so alarmed; I'm not injured. Come, come, let me introduce my friend to you."

As I bowed, and saw her swimming eyes, I thought a day's hunting was dearly purchased by giving her a moment's uneasiness.

"Pray," she said, addressing me, "prevail upon him not to ride that mad wretch, for I, apparently, have no influence. Oh, do not, Donald! pray do not!"

"Ellen, do not be so childish. You gave me your consent to ride, and because Black Prince had a caper, you now wish me to look very like a man-milliner, and get into that bandbox of a carriage. A pretty exhibition I should make!" replied McDonald, somewhat irritated.

"Well, well!" said she, "do as you please, Donald. But really you make me very unhappy."

He then went close to her, and leaning upon the side of the car-



riage, whispered something which made the anxious girl in a moment appear consoled and happy. Her features beamed with sunny smiles, and all remains of tears were at once dispelled. I entertained no doubt but that it was a promise not to proceed, and merely start with the hounds for the sake of appearance. This, however, was but surmise. Lord —, with his gold dog-couples slung across his shoulders, the badge of Master to her Majesty's Hounds, proceeded to the royal carriage to inquire "if her Majesty wished the stag to be thrown off then, all things being prepared." An assent being returned, all moved towards the deer-cart, placed in the centre of a spacious grass field. The appearance of the *cortège* at this moment was imposing in the extreme. At least five hundred gentlemen, attired in scarlet and mounted on the finest horses, lined the road on each side for the Queen's carriage to pass; numerous vehicles, filled with England's fairest daughters, followed; then came crowds of pedestrians, the light of gratification glowing in every face. After them slowly followed the royal hounds, accompanied with the huntsman and whippers-in, splendidly accoutred in scarlet and gold.

Expectation being roused to the utmost, the signal was given for the deer-cart to be unfastened. Open flew the door, and out leaped the noble antlered monarch of the forest, his horns gaily trimmed with "ribands rare, streaming in the wind." He stood for an instant, as if contemplating the multitude before him; then, turning round with head erect and outstretched limbs, he sniffed the wind, and determined what course to take. After a measured haughty step or two, as if scorning to seem afraid, away he bounded. I lingered near the carriage where McDonald's devoted Ellen sat; and as he was leaving, I saw her give him a searching look.

"Heaven bless you, dearest! Remember your promise," she said. But he could scarcely have heard what she uttered, for the moment his horse felt that he was to move, he bounded in the air like an antelope, and curvetted with delight, anticipating the enjoyment that was to follow.

"Hold hard, gentlemen!" shouted the huntsman; "let them get at it. Plenty of time, gentlemen."

In a few seconds, on swept the ardent horses, men, and dogs, over everything in their way; ditches, hedges, gates, walls, brooks, fields, and gardens, came all alike. A few, certainly, found the first water-furrow a desperate impediment, and in various postures hugged mother earth, while their animals, disencumbered, heartily enjoyed a gallop by themselves.

My horse required, as usual, much coaxing and caressing to be induced to keep behind, for believing the run would be great, I endeavoured to curb his impetuosity as much as possible; but the numbers sweeping past caused him to pull and fret, until his veins swelled like fibres on a vine leaf. The perspiration rolled from his glossy coat and the white foam flew from his bit, as his speed still increased, despite of all my exertions. At length the soaked reins slipped through my fingers, as I fruitlessly pulled upon him. On he was determined to go, at his own pace; and on he rushed. Losing all control over him, the mad, but noble creature, carried me with the swiftness of a hawk: like a bird he topped the fences, whirling me with unnecessary desperate leaps, proud of his prowess, and careless to consequences. I soothed him at length with my voice, but not

sufficiently so as to guide him. A railed fence was within a few yards of us, at least six feet in height, towards which he was making a direct course. The speed he was going at was alone sufficient to render it impossible to clear it; as we neared, however, I gave him his head, and striking my spurs deeply into his sides, he bounded from the earth, and falling across the fence, pitched head foremost on the ground.

Heaven only knows how far I was sent! But it appeared to me that I never should reach the ground. Millions of stars flashed in my eyes, as I rose on my knees to discover the damage effected; blood was flowing from an undiscovered source, which, upon examination, proved to be from the prominent feature of my face. I rose from the ground, and found my horse standing, uninjured, gazing steadfastly in the direction of the hounds: his sleek ears were pricked forward, and huge drops of sweat rolled down his body, and from his fetlocks a clear stream trickled to the earth. I examined my limbs, and finding them whole and sound, with the exception of a few slight contusions, I again mounted. Not a horse was in sight, not a hound to be heard. I listened, and strained my ears to catch a sound that might lead me in the direction of the chase; but all had gone far, far away. After sitting a few minutes in my saddle, I prepared to return, thinking my pleasure at an end. While slowly proceeding down a lane, I caught a distant cry, and felt assured that it was the deep-toned note of a hound. I galloped in the direction of it; and clearing a thick-set holly-bush fence (an uncomfortable spot to be thrown into), I saw the object of the hunt, the noble stag, flying along the banks of the Thames. I halted, and watched him. He stopped at intervals, and seemed undetermined what course to take to baffle his pursuers. At length he drew back from the verge of the stream, and rushed towards it; then stopped suddenly upon the brink, and turned his head from the river in a listening posture. The hounds could now be heard distinctly approaching; when gently gliding into the water, with his head thrown back, he buffeted the rapid stream, and landing on the opposite side, he continued his rapid flight. The hounds came to the spot where the stag took the water, and were "at fault." Not discovering immediately what course he had taken, I was not anxious that they should find it out very soon, feeling the effects of my tumble still ringing in my ears.

The flower of the field now arrived, all the "cocktails" shaken off, and only the select few left alone in their glory. In a few moments, the leader, a gallant old hound, placed his nose to the water's edge and gave one deep, beautifully-toned cry, as much as to say, "This way, my boys!" when all obeyed the mandate by springing into the river, and following the track of their victim. But if the dogs were so willing and ready to wet their coats, the sportsmen were not.

"What *shall* we do?" inquired a gentleman in patent leather boots and a bright pink coat. "There's literally no bridge for seven miles."

I took my horse quietly to the edge of the bank, and giving him a pat with my hand, set the example of the quickest method of crossing the water by going into it. After a little difficulty in reaching the other side, I jumped from his back, and scrambling up the bank, safely landed. My horse placed his fore feet on the side, and sprung up the bank with a loud neigh, much pleased at regaining his native element.

McDonald now arrived on Black Prince, covered with foam.



Without hesitation, he urged his horse to take the water; but not desirous of being turned into one of the Hippocampi, he unequivocally declined treating his rider with a swim. Spur and whip were applied with the effect of creating only a few decided kicks and plunges. McDonald became enraged at his refusing, and began whipping and spurring without mercy; but all to no purpose. Finding force of no avail, he determined upon stratagem. Dismounting, he tied his handkerchief over his horse's eyes, and taking him about thirty yards from the river, struck his rowels into his flanks with cruel force, and drove him towards the stream as fast as he could come. Over the bank they fell with such force that both sunk in an instant, and remained under the water for some seconds. When they came up, the horse commenced plunging violently, and McDonald endeavoured to reach over his head to take off the handkerchief, so that he might see his way to shore; but from his struggles, he could not accomplish it. At length, McDonald rose in his stirrups, and stretching out as far as possible, almost reached the handkerchief, when, losing his balance, he fell over the horse's head, taking the reins with him. From some unaccountable misfortune, these became entangled round his body, and prevented his disengaging himself from the blind and struggling animal. The horse, infuriated with fear, raised himself out of the water as far as possible, and, with short jumps, dragged his ill-fated master with him. Both hurried with the rapid current, while every exertion was being used to render assistance. The horse rolled from one side to the other, snorted and plunged, till at last worn out with violent and useless exertion, he buried his head between his knees and sunk, leaving but a few air-bubbles to rise and burst where, but a moment before, one loving and beloved, in the exuberance of manhood's strength and beauty, gasped for life thoughtlessly sacrificed.

I galloped to the nearest cottage, in a state of frenzy, for assistance. The frightened cottager followed me with ropes, with all possible speed; but when we arrived at the river, upon the bank laid the lifeless body of McDonald, his pale and ashy countenance turned upwards, upon which the beams of the sun glowed faintly. By some means he had been dragged from the water, and a vein had been opened—but, alas! the heart refused its functions—the blood refused to flow!

I thought of Ellen—the beautiful, and soon to be—heart-broken Ellen! Tears came to my relief, or a few moments more, and my heart would have burst. Others followed my example. And there might be seen many a rough hunter brushing the moisture from his cheek, sorrowful for the fate of the gallant McDonald.

### STANZAS.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

TO A YOUNG LADY, IN WHOSE SCRAP-BOOK WAS A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR,  
PAINTED BY HERSELF.

BLEST as the gods indeed is he  
Who thus beholds his form portray'd,  
In hues that soft and radiant be,  
By thy fair hands, enchanting maid.

And, oh! forgive, if while he views  
Within thy book this imaged scroll,  
He feels that every day renews  
Thine image in his inmost soul.

## ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

WHENEVER you meet with a poor wretch whose fate it is to be cuffed continually; buffeted by his betters, abused by his fellows, and halloed after in the streets by those free-born Britons, the little boys; tossed up and down like a crazy hull on a rough sea; driven to and fro like a canine lunatic, and assailed from morning to night with thoughts that scold, and words that hit,—whenever you meet with this poor fellow, depend upon it, he is one who, from his very cradle, was fond of a quiet life.

Is he a fag in a factory when the world of machinery is all at work—is he a porter stationed in the rotunda of the Bank, a waiter at a London chop-house, an usher in a genteel seminary, a drudge to a letter of lodgings, a prime-minister, a curate in a populous metropolitan parish, a clown in the comic pantomime, an engineer on a railway, a cab-driver, or a queen's counsel in full practice,—be sure that his maxim ever has been and ever will be—anything for a quiet life!

The lovers of quiet lives are rarely to be found at the lakes, or among the hills; in the solitudes of the land, the rustic paradises of nature—amid simple dreamy scenes, far from the noisy haunts of the populace, with all their rabid passions and riotous pursuits;—no, but they are to be met with constantly in Cheapside. They spend their days in a great Babel, hungering after quiet, and fancying eternally that they are just securing it.

The doctrine laid down in their ever-ready exclamation, “anything for a quiet life,” implies the wisdom of making continual sacrifices to attain a desired end, but not the wisdom of previously ascertaining whether it be possible by sacrifices ever to attain it at all.

It is clear that what seems the shortest road to an object is often no road to it at all. There is an example in the story which the witty moralist relates of the false expedient adopted by a mournful son to procure sorrowful faces at his father's funeral. He gave the mutes crown-pieces, to purchase their sad looks; but they seemed now livelier than before, and he accordingly advanced their pay to half-guineas, whereat, instead of sighs and mourning airs, they smiled outright; when, to buy their deepest gloom, he paid them down guineas, at sight of which every vestige of sorrow vanished, and indeed he found that the more money he gave them to look gloomy the more merriment was in their faces.

In like manner, we may cite the popular practice of calling out in public assemblies, “Silence!” and “Hear, hear!” with sufficient loudness and constancy to ensure the vast and regular increase of the tumult; and it may happen that a continual struggle to secure a quiet life, is the very reason why it is invariably missed. A constant endeavour of any kind is scarcely compatible with the idea of quiet; and a life spent in sacrificing, in giving up every bit of ground, in yielding every point, and in beating an incessant retreat, for the sake of quiet, can hardly perhaps be called a quiet life.

Squalls was the person who of all others used to act most doggedly upon the principle of sacrifices for the sake of tranquillity. When he first entered the world, he set out on a journey in search of Quiet, and



a precious noise he always made about it. His life was a pilgrimage to the shrine of Peace, but he was for ever getting into a "jolly row" on the road; and getting out of it, by a sacrifice that was sure to come too late—a surrender that purchased no quarter—a desire for pacification that only provoked the enemy to further hostilities.

He never in all his days avoided a quarrel for the sake of quiet—he only avoided, for the sake of quiet, the sole means of bringing the quarrel to a peaceful end. He would begin a contest, but would never fight it out; content, when it was at the highest, when victory was all but his, and the desired calm could be commanded, to give in philosophically, to put on the air of a martyr, and to re-nerve his adversary by an exasperating panegyric on quiet. When the prize contended for was within reach, he would infallibly run away, but not in time to save himself. After an hour's yelping and barking, the dog would lie down, expecting to be allowed to repose because he left off.

How pleasant it was to obey his social summons, to take one's seat at his round table, and prepare, with three or four kindred spirits, to enjoy what he used to call a quiet evening! What a rare notion Squalls had of a quiet evening! After the toil and hubbub of a day of business, delicious indeed it was to settle down, all peace-lovers together, for a quiet evening!

The only misfortune was, that Squalls would wrangle; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the instant we had finished the prelude, the little discussion upon the weather, and had agreed that it was a delightfully calm night, a stiff breeze sprang up, and the storm opened upon us. In other words, the moment the contemplated quiet chat commenced, the "argument" began. Start what subject you might, Squalls had just one quiet observation to make, totally objecting. Remind him that the point might hardly be worth a dispute, and he would beg leave quietly to remark that a more vitally important point never could be pointed out. He would advance from an opinion to an allegation, meekly suggesting now, and confidently asserting by and by—combating every principle laid down, resisting every argument raised, and protesting against everything that had been said, until, when he had succeeded, by fierce disputation, in setting us all by the ears, disturbing the peace and endangering the safety of the table, he would discover that the question of vital importance was really not worth talking about.

"I give in," he would cry; "I yield the point—dare say you're all right—anything for a quiet life; a little quiet is worth all the argument in the world!"

And even this point, he would at the same moment be ready to defend most turbulently—just as a man might bet you two to one that laying wagers is an insane practice.

Squalls wrangled by the hour, by the day, week, month, and year; but was all the while in love with nothing but a quiet life. If in the nightly contention for the prize of tranquillity, there were sometimes added to the horrid din of many human voices bellowing for peace and order, the clatter of tongs and poker; or, if a shower of glasses aided their contents in taking a too-powerful effect upon his brain, he rather enjoyed than otherwise his broken head and fever-draughts, with the blinds drawn down, and the kind servant creeping so softly about in

thick shoes, and the door creaking so very gently that it only just sufficed to wake him every time it closed or opened.

"There is something deliciously lulling," he would say, as he rolled his eyes about, "in this profound calm; I hope my head won't be better to-morrow—anything for a quiet life."

He resided in one of the streets in the Strand, leading to the river, "out of the noise," as he said. But he had a country-house, a most serene and rural retreat, in a district dedicated to silence and solitude, where there was never noise enough in a day to break the flying slumbers of a lynx—a spot where you might hear nothing but

"The motion of the elements, a song  
Of silence that disposed the listening soul  
To meditative quietness, and lulled  
Not passions only, but the animal powers  
With all their violent feelings.

So entire  
Was the Dominion of Tranquillity."

"Come hither," wrote the sympathetic Squalls from his remote retirement; "hither, where peace and I reside, and finish your Ode to Contemplation." Once, and once only, was the invitation accepted. What a dominion of tranquillity it was!

For the quiet morning, after the early crowing, cawing, and chirping were partly over, there were the ringing of bells, the shouting of children, the clatter of forks and tankards at a never-ending breakfast, the barking of dogs, the rolling of wheels, the lowing of cattle, the laughter of rosy girls in high spirits, the report of fire-arms, and the loud bawling of divers of the smockfrock-tribe uttering no language at all, though severally convinced that they were all speaking plain English.

Then for the quiet evening; there were the most riotous rubbers of whist, tumultuous piano-playing, harp-playing, and flute-playing; forfeits, and how-d'ye-like-it; loud haw-hawing at frequent intervals, with songs comic and sentimental, and an occasional ear-splitting "yoicks" from a lively sportsman, when his heavier partner in the field-adventures of the day began to snore a little too vigorously.

Strolling into the garden to walk off the deafening effects of the day's delights, "How charming is the quiet country!" would Squalls exclaim.

"Very," was the natural answer, "impressively reminding one of the soothing serenity of Covent-garden Market, and the silent pleasures of Smithfield-bars."

Quiet to Squalls was what the rasher of ham was to the thunder-stricken Jew—a delicacy which he could not enjoy, because there was such a terrible noise about it. At length, by and by, when by a course of accidents, our friend dropped down in the world, and it became necessary to seek some occupation, he made a rather sagacious choice. Far from the neighbourhood of noise he could not prevail upon himself to go; but he nevertheless sought freedom from trouble and tumult. He therefore accepted the office of money-taker at one of the leading theatres. "Here," he said, tranquilly, "I shall have a quiet time of it."

The desire of peace took a much firmer but scarcely more consistent



hold upon another member of the same circle. Poor Pax! you and your wife, Bella, were an ill-matched pair. How came you to marry her?—it was like going to Donnybrook-fair in search of some New Harmony!

The truth was, she would have him. She claimed him for her partner in waltz, galope, and quadrille seven times in one evening, and screamed him six bravuras between the dances. She talked him into fits, and assailed his nerves by means of the thundering double-knocks of postmen. The affair began to make a little noise—which he couldn't bear. Anything for a quiet life. It was easier to marry than to escape. He therefore quietly offered her his heart and hand, well knowing that as a wife she would neither want to dance with, nor to sing to him, to pour agreeable nothings in his ear incessantly, nor employ tyrant-postmen to batter at his peace.

Pax had but a single idea, and a single mode of putting it in action; the idea of quiet, and the giving up everything—but one—in the wide world, to attain it. The one thing excepted was the one thing he should have given up first; but this he never thought of. It was his wife, Bella.

He was as meek as a mouse, but with a soul so small that a mouse would have been ashamed to be caught in a good-sized trap with it. He would not have dared to nibble cheese, while there was a cat left in Christendom. He would have preferred dying, half a grain a day—anything for a quiet life.

When he had put on his hat to go to his whist-club for the evening, he was desired to take it off again. Well, quiet was everything to him; so he sat down opposite his wife, to hear the maid-servant rung for every five minutes to be fresh scolded.

When clad in a new sable suit, just ready to attend the remains of his relative to their last quiet home, he was desired to array himself again in his brown and drab, stay where he was, put some coals on, and keep his feet off the fender. Mrs. Pax "could never see, for her part, why a man should want to follow people to their graves, while he has a quiet home of his own." Well, compliance was easier than resistance; so down he sate, to be lectured in shrill tones, for the remainder of that day.

But there is always one bright spoke in Fortune's Wheel, and it comes round now and then; in Pax's case the bright spoke consisted in this:—his wife was sometimes sulky, and wouldn't speak to him for days. "How providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" he would cry. "What a blessing it is that even the best of wives has her sulky fit occasionally—one has such a quiet time of it then!"

The life of Pax was, during many hours of the day, a cool and easy one, in a public office; his official duties were chiefly mechanical, and his mind was generally far away from his desk, deep buried in a monastic seclusion—dim, quiet, and monotonous. He envied the old monks; their repose was true rapture. To do nothing, and be undisturbed, uninterrupted all the while, was an existence more glorious than that of the gods; unless we except the supreme felicity pictured in the line of Keats—

"There sate old Saturn quiet as a stone."

Quiet, in the mind of Pax, had long been associated with "a stone;" but

Bella was not destined to be laid under it yet. So home he daily went, to a tranquil abode, situated between a boarding-school for young gentlemen, and the residence of a "thorough bass" at the Opera. This house Mrs. Pax always refused to quit, because it afforded her the full enjoyment of these two nuisances—of which she approved when he complained, and complained (thus doubling the noisy evil) when he was silent. The thorough bass would have carried him off to the Opera on some occasions, but Bella opposed the proceeding, and—anything for a quiet life—Pax always stayed at home to be soundly "rated."

Plays of any kind pleased him but little. The comedies were too noisy; and the actors themselves laughed, instead of following the excellent example of the audience; while the tragedies were moving, and he liked everything quiet. Once, when the people applauded, the quiet little soul, not liking the noise, set up a "hish," which being mistaken for a hiss, provoked a desperate assault upon him by a theatrical enthusiast behind. By command of his wife, he had the enthusiast bound over to keep the peace. "Ah!" sighed Pax, "I wish his worship could bind *me* over, to *keep* it. Wouldn't I!"

Of course he never attended a public meeting, except a Quaker's. Of every species of *lusus naturæ*, the Agitator was the most anomalous to him. How people could delight in excitement, turmoil, and contention, to the total sacrifice of a quiet life, was as mysterious as to hear of fish enjoying the butter they are fried in. Nothing puzzled him more than such political convulsions as the Polish insurrection. Why could not Poles, he wondered, "take things easy," and remain in peace and tranquillity. He conjectured that people lived very quietly in Siberia.

To the Chinese war he was gently opposed, deeming it lamentable that a breach of the peace should have arisen out of the question of opium—a thing which, if taken in sufficient quantities, was calculated to make people extremely quiet. He gave himself no concern about the matter, but he used to wish, as he passed through the streets, that the mandarins in the grocers' shops would keep their heads still.

His favourite story-book was "Robinson Crusoe;" although he thought it a pity that Friday should ever have escaped, to interrupt the course of the solitary's remarkably quiet life. His pet poem was the "Prisoner of Chillon," who passed his time—particularly when he had the dungeon all to himself—very quietly.

It was Bella's pleasure, one day, that he should throw up his snug situation, and open a magnificent hotel at the terminus of a railway. Anything for a quiet life; and he ruined himself accordingly, with more expedition indeed than was strictly consonant with comfort.

After spending a few weeks in the hot season at Margate, to get a little repose, he began to undergo the exertion of thinking that something must be done to recruit his finances—that some slow, steady, tranquil avocation had become eminently desirable. But what should it be! When a boy, he used to think how he should like to be a London watchman—the watchmen led such quiet lives. But these, to the very last of the roses, were faded and gone; and as cad to an omnibus—for one who along the "sequestered vale of life" would keep the "noiseless tenour of his way," there was small chance perhaps of uninterrupted felicity.



Happily, in this dilemma, a patron in the post-office proffered a carriership, and Bella determined that it was the very thing. Burthened with a full-sized packet of penny missives, the devotee of quiet and ease went forth on his several daily rounds ; but he had a tranquil little spirit, and a snail's pace—he had never hurried himself in his life, and hated loud knocks at the door—so he rapped with extreme gentleness, waited five minutes at every house, and then crept serenely on his way to deliver the next letter.

A large quantity accumulating daily on his hands, for want of time to complete his rounds, Bella insisted that he should not think of delivering them at all—they should be burnt. He almost ventured to protest audibly against this step, and he did look reluctant, but—anything for a quiet life—they were burnt upon the spot.

When he sneaked back into the noisy streets again, after his twelve-month's imprisonment, the last month solitary, "Well," said he, in his small, calm way, "I must say I've had a very quiet time of it there. I'm so glad poor Bella got off!"

Shortly after, with unexampled serenity, he took leave of these turbulent shores, to settle tranquilly, and secure a quiet life, in a far-distant colony—forgetting however to leave his direction with his amiable wife. It would have been of no service to her ; for the ship foundered, and Pax quietly went down with her—in the Pacific Ocean.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF A PICTURE.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

TRAVELLING many years ago in the South of France, I inquired at a small town, whose name has now escaped me, whether it contained any pictures, public or private. My host replied in the affirmative; and under the guidance of a ragged urchin, I found myself, after a walk of four miles through muddy lanes, at the gates of a château. From the account which the boy, who was communicator, gave of its owner, *en route*, I was led to suppose him either a misanthrope or a hypochondriac; and the pitiable condition of the house, and the long grass waving between the interstices of the flagstones that paved the court-yard, tended to confirm me in this opinion. I, therefore, to the sight of some Watteau, or Le Brun, or, perhaps, Karl de Jardin, or Mignard, or Greuse, expected to add that of a living curiosity. Great, however, was my surprise, on being ushered into the gallery, to recognise, in the "Seigneur de Village," a friend whom I had not seen or heard of for twenty years ; he having changed his name with this estate, inherited from a distant relative. The Count and myself frequently met at Rome and Florence; and had been, in more than one instance, rivals for works of art ; but his affections were divided. If a connoisseur, he was also a religious enthusiast. Often and often, in visiting one of the three hundred and sixty-five churches which the City of the Faithful boasts, have I seen this French *dévo*t kneeling before some Madonna, or with uplifted eyes rapt in contemplation of an Assumption of the Virgin, and half fancying himself borne by the skirts of her robe to heaven.

Our meeting seemed agreeable to him; and when he pressed me to pass the day at his house, I did not decline the invitation; shrewdly suspecting, at the same time, that could I have dived into his heart, I should have found that he was somewhat of a La Rochefaucault, and that ostentation and pride, and a hope of exciting my envy and jealousy, were among the motives that stimulated him to this unaccustomed effort of hospitality.

His collection entirely differed from what I had been led to conjecture—was exclusively confined to the Italian school, and the subjects strictly devotional. Among them were many undoubted originals; but they depicted, with such circumstantial minuteness, the sufferings of St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, and other worthies, as chronicled in the Martyrology, not to speak of Infernos and Purgatorios, that their merit, as works of art, was forgotten in the unmitigated pain they produced in me, which I could not altogether disguise. The Count was grievously disappointed; but he was determined to have his *revanche*, and had it.

Supper, the principal meal among the French, ended, and a bottle of exquisite Bordeaux (Comet wine) scarcely discussed, my host, who, like a picture-dealer or auctioneer, had reserved his *chef d'œuvre* to the last, said—"I have one more treasure to shew you. Come!"

I followed somewhat reluctantly, and after many windings, we entered a chapel brilliantly illuminated, where, over the altar, a green veil hid from the gaze of the profane the mysterious picture, which I had been brought, at what I deemed so unseasonable a moment, to admire. The obstacle being removed, my eyes rested on a painting such as I have never beheld, which I firmly believe excels whatever yet was looked upon, or hand of man hath done. Shall I call it a painting or a reality?—a woman or a goddess? I needed now no other proof to be convinced of the empire of imagination over art, or rather, how much the ideal excels the actual. I fully comprehended what the ancient writer meant by saying of a hero, that he as far surpassed his son as a statue does a man.

Absorbed in such contemplations, I stood riveted to the spot, gazing with all my soul on this apparition, till I gifted her with life—thought that the bosom actually rose and sunk, and the limbs moved from beneath the folds that flowed around them. If such was the effect on me, could I wonder that some poor penitent should deem that this Madonna might listen to her prayers, and look on her with eyes beaming forth pity and tenderness and consolation? Meantime, I had not once thought of the Count: he had been lying motionless on the steps of the altar. At length he rose, and, with three prostrations, replaced the curtain, and beckoning to me, led the way out of the chapel, carefully locking the door, as a miser does that of his chest, when I had passed.

We neither of us spoke till we were reseated at table. There we could talk of nothing but the picture, whilst we emptied flask after flask of his Lafitte. At length, his heart was opened, and he said—

"Many years have now elapsed since I have lived here in the strictest retirement. Those years seem to me but a day. They have fled, winged with ever new delight, full of a sweet intoxication. You smile. I allude not to the fumes of wine, but to my intercourse with that picture—to my companionship with it, which has been to me better than all society. Listen to me. Three summers ago, this very



month, if not this very day, I had, till a later hour than usual, lingered in the chapel, and had no sooner retired to my couch than I fell into a trance, and under the influence of somnambulism, proceeded to my sanctuary. You have seen the *Notte* of Correggio, where the light proceeds from the Bambino; in like manner, the chapel was dazzlingly brilliant with a glory that issued from the Madonna. I was neither awe-struck nor surprised, when about to worship at the shrine, to see her stretch forth her hand in the act to raise me, nor—so prepared was I for a miracle—did I wonder to see her lips move, and hear myself, in soft and silver tones, thus addressed:—

“ ‘Your devotion has conquered my silence—your more than mortal love prevailed—you shall hear my story and adventures.’ ”

Overcome by the remembrance of this scene, my friend here paused, and gave me time to glance rapidly in my mind over the relations, as told in romance, of portraits slipping out of their frames, of statues that walked and talked, and I was quite prepared to believe all that might follow. The Count seemed to read my thoughts with exultation, and thus continued the narrative of the Picture:—

“ ‘I am from the hand of Raphael; on the day that he was crowned in the capitol, after refusing the purple, that he might not be distracted by worldly cares from his immortal pursuit, I saw, for the first time, that greatest of painters. At that moment I experienced what may be deemed an inspiration from above, and in obedience to its impulse, presented myself at the studio of the artist. Do not mistake me for a Fornarina—no, you behold the only daughter of the Prince Colonna! a name, great in itself, but still more ennobled in the page of Petrarch.

“ ‘It is erroneously supposed that the last of Raphael’s works was The Transfiguration. He afterwards painted one, and a greater—painted, I say, for of that divine picture I am the sole record—that picture was an Annunciation; and in compliance with the custom of the times, that the sacred personages should each have their living representatives, I sat for the Virgin. If the author had wished to commemorate that event historically, he would have represented her, as has been often done, in a simple room, with no other attendant save the Angel, bearing her emblem flower; but Raphael resolved to treat the subject with mystery; and in order to make me the principal figure in the piece, placed me on a sort of throne, as you see, surrounded by a throng of patriarchs, sibyls, and angels.

“ ‘Scarcely had a year elapsed after the mighty painter’s untimely removal from this world when I was attacked by a rapid consumption, and fell a victim to its inroads. As it is permitted to those translated to a better sphere occasionally to visit what is dearest to them below, so it was fated that I should, by way of a purgatory for early sins—for I had too much loved—animate this “dead likeness;” becoming what the Lares and Penates of old were, a blessing and a safeguard to our house, making honour and virtue the characteristics of the Colonnas.

“ ‘Nor did my good offices stop here. As the fame of The Annunciation got abroad, our chapel, of which I was the presiding genius, became thronged with the first and noblest, and through my powerful mediation, the weak were strengthened, the wavering supported, and the afflicted consoled. Nor let me omit to mention that my glory was still further enhanced, when, on the great festivals and

solemn occasions, carried in the processions, or suspended from the tapestried balcony of our palace, I received the homage of assembled Rome.

“ ‘But evil days came; and, alas! I must now enter on the narration of my sad history.

When the Gallic hordes, under the false pretence of liberty and equality and brotherhood, swept down from the Alps and Apennines upon our smiling plains, not even the Goth and the Vandal, who, at the sacking of the eternal city, encumbered the bed of the Tiber with the ruins of temples and the wreck of statues, made a more barbarian abuse of conquest. Who can describe my horror, when a band of lawless soldiery burst into my sanctuary, laid their profane hands on the work of the divine Raphael, and cast lots, on the steps of the altar, to part it among them? I felt the knife—it seemed to lacerate and dissect me limb from limb; separating me from all that I loved—patriarchs, sibyls, angels, one by one were torn away, till I found myself in a frightful solitude, and not without a struggle and bloodshed.

“ ‘Happy was it for me, great as my sufferings were, that I had not been painted in fresco, and immovably fixed to a wall, or I might have shared the destiny so many masterpieces of art were doomed to undergo\* in “the time of the French.” I shudder to think that I might else have been shut out from the light of day—“dark! unutterably dark!”—lost to the world for ever! My fate, indeed, was far from enviable. Sometimes, I lay smothered beneath a pile of baggage on the *fourgon*; or after a battle, always a victory, was dragged forth, diced for, raffled for, and transferred, from hand to hand, till I fell into that of a heretic, who transported me to London, where I at length became pledged at a vile price, and deposited in a vile place,—*where* you may suppose, when I tell you, that over the door hung the arms of the Medici. Here, nailed against the wainscot, I grew familiar with misery and degradation in all its forms; my ears assailed with profane jests and drunken laughter; my eyes not less shocked with the sight of the degraded beings who bartered their filthy rags—thrown afterwards contemptuously at my feet—for the means of supplying their necessities or their vices.

“ ‘After a twelvemonth, being unredeemed, I was exposed to public sale, and purchased by one of those unconscionable plunderers—a picture-dealer. By him I was dispatched to Leghorn, whence I was conveyed to Florence. Here, despised and rejected, I was made over to a broker, who hung me up, and not in the most conspicuous part of his stall, nor the best sheltered from the sun and wind and rain; and here, for four long years, no passer-by deigned to honour me with a look, much less to bid for me the lowest coin in the Tuscan dominions.

“ ‘A canonico of the Dominican order, stricken in years, poor as an apostle, and remarkable for his saint-like piety, was seized with one of those malignant fevers common in the autumnal season, which he had taken by infection from a peasant in administering the last unction in extremis. As he lay on his sick pallet, and death stood in act

\* The chapel that contained the Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, was turned into a stable at Milan; and the beautiful medallions of Perrin del Vaga—equal to any works of Julio Romano’s—when it was made the quarter of the French general in command, were covered with distemper, and utterly obliterated.



to strike over his head, his niece, a lay sister of the Santa Maria Novella, was unremitting in her attentions to him; and passing daily, in her way to the convent, the stall of which I have just spoken, be-thought her of me, purchased me for two pauls, and hung me, fronting the good old man, over the crucifix in his cell. His eyes, already dim with the coming shadows of dissolution, were mechanically fixed on mine. I regarded him with a look of pity and affection. That look shot comfort into his soul. He prayed devoutly to the Virgin—I seconded his prayers. From that moment his malady abated; and in fourteen days he resumed the holy offices of the church. But he did not forget her to whom he firmly believed he owed his recovery; nor did he forget me; and after having collected several scudi by the contributions of pious communicants for the praiseworthy purpose, he determined on my restoration. I was now placed in the hands of an honest and excellent young painter, who, a rare thing in Florence, had, with a conscientious regard and veneration for the martyr, just completed the cleaning of an Andrea del Sarto, that formed the altar-piece of the Dominican Chapel. Had you beheld me on the eve of this operation, you would have shed over me heart-wrung tears.

“ ‘I have detailed to you what I had suffered, now shudder to hear what I was! Blackened and begrimed with layer after layer of varnish and dust and smoke—my canvas mildewed by damp and pierced by worms—mutilated and disfigured;—such was the ruin the artist was engaged to repair.

When he began to tear me from my original canvas, and with a pallet knife to make the adhesions yield, in order afterwards to glue me on a new ‘fond,’ not the tomahawked Indian, Marsyas, nor the martyred Bartholomew, endured agonies more intense. Then, indeed, in utter despair, I deemed myself ruined and undone, torn in pieces, and irreparably destroyed. But no: after the manner of the practitioner, who, with steady hand and unerring eye—a full confidence in his own skill, and a thorough knowledge of the nature of the disease—cruel only to be merciful—separates the morbid from the sound, and by the very wounds that he inflicts, restores the patient to renovated health—thus did the painter create for me a new constitution—lay the foundation, as it were, of a new life and being. This accomplished, he proceeded to remove, with certain cosmetics, the filth of centuries; and this very accumulation was it which proved, as he had expected to find, my preservation; that alone tended to save me from decay. Inch after inch was developed, till, to my perceptible delight, I issued forth, like a butterfly from its chrysalis, glowing with immortal youth—nay, more beautiful than I first appeared, fresh from the easel of the master—my complexion richer, my robe more graceful and easy in every fold, and my whole mellowed and softened down into a more exquisite harmony of colouring. But on this I need not further enlarge—you see *what* I am.

“ ‘The discovery of a new work of Raphael was soon noised about Florence, and multitudes flocked, on all sides, to the studio of the artist. I was seen, admired, adored! All desired to possess me. An English nobleman was willing to cover me with pieces of gold, as my price, but he found a rival in you—a more successful competitor. The ten thousand scudi you offered were too great a temptation for the fortunate Canonico. With tears in his eyes, he counted out the coins,

and handed me over to my new master. Since when, you know my fate—for you have made it.”

At this moment, a bell of silver sound ringing through the chateau announced the vesper hour, and the Count, rising and waving his hand almost imperceptibly to me, hurried to the chapel. I now heard the pealing of an organ, and three voices, a bass, a tenor, and a treble, joining in the evening hymn to the Virgin. The shades of twilight had begun to deepen; and without wishing to take a formal leave of my host, I made the best of a bad way to the auberge. There I reflected on all I had seen and heard, and became the more convinced, that in making “*nil admirari*” my motto and rule of life, I had judged rightly. I felt no surprise that a bigoted Catholic, immured in a dilapidated chateau, with no other companions than a confessor, a chorister, and a Madonna, should confound dreams with realities, and speak and think as Count B—— had done of his picture.

It was a new version of the old story of the Sculptor and his Statue.

The history of the picture is not yet completed. The Count is dead; and the Madonna forms one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Munich Gallery.

### SONG OF THE WINTER BLAST.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

FROM the frozen clime of my birth, afar,  
Is begun my fitful march;  
Where the golden car  
Of the bright Pole Star  
Is the key of heaven's blue arch,  
While for ever around its steadfast throne  
Whirl, one by one,  
(As if they were vassals, who, meek and true,  
Thus to their liege pay homage due,)  
The orbs that move on, as they circled of old,  
Led by the Bear and the Hunter bold,\*  
Which as they bound  
Round and round,  
Measure the flight  
Of the long, long night,  
That reigns for the time,  
Which in softer clime  
Maketh two seasons upon the earth.  
But bright is the dome 'neath which I have birth,  
Where the Boreal lights, like banners unfurl'd,  
Shed their glory upon the northern world;  
And the silver band of the galaxy,  
Like a loosen'd girdle, spans the sky.  
From this Polar home,  
Where no man may roam,  
I burst through the cleft  
Of an ice-berg rest,  
And my hitherward course began.  
Over pillars of ice and plains of snow,  
Prepared for my coming ages ago,  
My chosen pathway ran,  
Till I leap'd with a bound  
Which echo'd around

\* The constellation Bootes; the fable of which is, that with his two dogs he is perpetually driving the Bear round the Pole.



To Norway's rocky shore.  
 Then with threat'ning roar,  
 In my hurried race,  
 I shook the spectre larch,  
 Or with rough embrace,  
 As I onward march,  
 My caresses are known  
 By the full deep moan  
 Which the pine-tree breathes to me;  
 Or in anger and strife  
 I war with their life,  
 And uproot each lordly tree.

Now again on the shore, where the cataracts lead  
 From on high to the dark and fathomless deep,  
 I kiss the white foam that gambols with me,  
 And dash with it down to the restless sea.  
 Then wildly I play o'er the ocean wide,  
 When man is not near to humble my pride;  
 But so fearless is he, that seldom I fail  
 To meet in my passage some venturous sail,  
 And fierce is the struggle that passes between,  
 And fierce my revenge is, full often, I ween,  
 For the daring that prompts him to wrestle and gain,  
 The empire I strive for—the sway o'er the main;  
 But like a wild beast by the hunters at bay,  
 More often I crouch till he passes away,  
 Though wildly I rage, and my fury I vent,  
 Till I find, when too late, that my strength is spent.

So, something subdued in my wrath and power,  
 I visit your land in its wintry hour;  
 And here, as I pass, I crisp the streams,  
 Though over them glow the faint sunbeams;  
 And the fanciful pendules of ice I hold,  
 Where the rain-drops stay'd in their course had roll'd;  
 And I patter the hail and drift the snow,  
 As a remnant of majesty here I shew;  
 While sometimes in pity I temper the brow  
 That fever had burnt, and send back the tide  
 Of health to the veins that sickness had dried,  
 And brace up the frame, till its twin-born, the mind,  
 In gratitude loves the Wintry Wind.  
 But little for love or hate I try,  
 I do but the bidding of ONE on HIGH!  
 And often I creep to the chamber warm,  
 (One chink is enough to work the charm,)  
 Where the high-born and gifted, and young and fair,  
 Is guarded and tended with anxious care;  
 But the hectic is there, and the cough so quick  
 Heard through the folds of the curtain thick,  
 And the sparkling eye, and the fingers weak,  
 And the heart that dares not its fulness speak;  
 But here is my mission—my icy breath  
 Is the herald, and signal, and signet of death!  
 Then I bluster away to a hovel low,  
 But quicker my work is there, I trow.

And so for awhile I lord it with all,  
 Though weaker and weaker my power doth fall,  
 Till the golden sun and the zephyrs mild  
 Chase me again to the northern wild!

## WHITEHALL AND THE BATTERY.

A FARCICAL SCENE OF ACTION.

BY UNCLE SAM.

SCENE.—“*Whitehall*” and the “*Battery*,” New York.—Great collection of loafers (loungers).—A steam-boat advances: enter from it a “*News Collector*” and “*Commodore Martin*,” of the “*News Collectors’ fleet*,” with an enormous bundle of newspapers.

FIRST NEWS COL. Three cheers for the “*Morning Herald*” and the cash system! Down with the locofocoes and kitchen cabinet!

[*The loafers cheer. Enter two News Collectors in haste.*]

SECOND NEWS COL. Are we too late?

FIRST NEWS COL. To be sure you are, you loafing Wall-street incapables. I snuffed the steam when it was a hundred and thirty-five miles off at sea: seven editors and a hundred and fifty compositors are all ready for a second edition frolic, and in twenty minutes we shall have the *Herald* out with the most talented extracts from the European papers ever seen in this or any other country. Another cheer for the go-a-head principle!

[*Loafers give a faint cheer. Exit first News Collector with the newspapers.*]

SECOND NEWS COL. I say, Commodore Martin.

MARTIN. Out with it, as I says to the knife when I opens a clam.\*

SECOND NEWS COL. Couldn’t you give us some of the news by the Great Western?

MARTIN. I guess I could purty smart. I carried the whole of the papers ashore with my own hand, and read some of ’em while boating.

SECOND NEWS COL. How many passengers did you see on board? How many are there?

MARTIN. Why, I saw twenty, and another man saw thirty; that makes fifty altogether.

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Writes in a pocket-book.*) “Fifty passengers.” Did you hear any of their names?

MARTIN. Yes, there was the Hon. Aldin Stephanoff, of Alabama, and the young Marquis of Wilfulton.

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Writes.*) “One of our most talented citizens, the Hon. Aldin Stephanoff; and his Excellency the Marquis of Wilfulton, a young European nobleman, about to make the tour of our great country.” But what political news did you read?

MARTIN. Why, the Lord Mayor of London or Liverpool, I forget which, had dined with two famous giants and other men in armour, counted twenty nails before Lord Chancery, and had gone swan-hopping up the river.

LOAFER. He’s joking; that’s a fact.

MARTIN. Well, I may be, but don’t know as I am, for I’ll take an immortal oath I read it.

SECOND NEWS COL. O, like enough! I’ve made more curious extracts than those.

MARTIN. Another paper I read said that all the ministers in

\* A shell-fish like an overgrown muscle.



England, without exception, (and there must be considerable of them,) had dined on a Black Wall on fish.

SECOND NEWS COL. Kind of what they call solemn fast. What new religion have they raised since we sent them Mormonism from the Mississippi Jerusalem?\*

MARTIN. Why, one paper said some heads of houses were turning out to be pussey-cats and catholics, and it might raise the price of red mullet by next fish day.

SECOND NEWS COL. Ah! that wont do at all. However, I'll write it down, and shall head it "curious if true." Anything more?

MARTIN. No. But let me see. Ah! I have it. The Duke of Wellington has turned fishmonger, and has dined with the Fishmongers' Company along with his Imperial Majesty the Duke of Sussex; and the Prince of Wales is going to be a goldsmith.

SECOND NEWS COL. None of your nonsense, Commodore. Don't poke your fun at me.

MARTIN. Well, if you don't believe me, here comes a boat load of passengers. Ask them. If you want news from me, you must chew what I give you, and not what you choose, as the 'coon said when it gave an empty clam-shell to a terrapin. *[Exit Martin.]*

*[Enter from a boat the Marquis of Wilfulton in a yacht jacket, and his valet in plain clothes.]*

MARQUIS. I have a strong suspicion that this is a lounging place for the New Yorkists.

SECOND NEWS COL. Stranger, in the American language we call ourselves Yorkers.

MARQUIS. Thank you for correcting me, sir. What may the name of this place be?

SECOND NEWS COL. The Battery.

MARQUIS. And which is the way to Astor's Hotel?

SECOND NEWS COL. Why, stranger, if you go through Chatham-place, and up Broadway to the Park, you'll find it on the left. Are you British?

MARQUIS. No, sir.

SECOND NEWS COL. Why, you're not American?

MARQUIS. No, sir.

SECOND NEWS COL. Neither British nor American, that's singular! *(Writes.)* "Suspicious character, says he is neither British nor American, yet speaks our language. Beware of London thieves." When you go through Chatham-place, stranger, you'll see the spot

\* Some readers may not be aware (and therefore is it noted) that Mormonism is a religion invented to raise the price of land in the smiling, but hitherto unwooded Valley of the Mississippi. It has been revealed by means of a book, engraved on gold plates, and buried in one of the United States fourteen hundred years before the discovery of America, that the exact centre of some property, owned by a few "latter-day saints" in the Mississippi State, is the most proper place in that or any other country to build "The New Jerusalem," which is to become and remain (during a thousand years before the end of all things) the seat of an universal, theoretic, theocratic government. It is expected, therefore, and the admirers of "new lights" are petitioned, to come forward religiously, and purchase town lots and water privileges in this "happy valley," and dissect the adjacent country with zigzag fences and pike improvements—and the latter-day saints will ever pray!

where there was a leaden king, which we melted down into bullets for the English. I hope none of 'em hurt any of your family.

MARQUIS. I believe not.

SECOND NEWS COL. That was considerable of lucky as you're British.

MARQUIS. I am not British, sir.

SECOND NEWS COL. You're very mysterious. How did you learn our language?

MARQUIS. Egad, I don't recollect.

SECOND NEWS COL. Is the Marquis of Wilfulton on board the Great Western?

MARQUIS. No, he is not.

SECOND NEWS COL. I was told he was. Commodore Martin, who carried the news ashore, advised me. Commodore, said I, what is curious and genooin from the old country? Two bull-dogs, a greyhound, and a marquis, said the Commodore.

MARQUIS. The Marquis of Wilfulton *was* on board.

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Writes.*) "Prevaricates when asked questions. Is dressed as a sailor, but the quality of the cloth shews the disguise." I say, stranger, those are curious buttons of yours.

MARQUIS. (*Aside to his valet.*) This fellow is determined to become a nuisance. Walk up and down, sir, stiffly. I shall tell him *you* are the Marquis of Wilfulton, and I am your servant. Play my lord well, and you shall have five pounds.

VALET. Eh, my lord.

MARQUIS. I beg your lordship's pardon; five dollars, I think, will be sufficient for so easy a performance.

SECOND NEWS COL. His lordship! Why that prim fellow must be the Marquis of Wilfulton! How came I not to think of that before? How he is strutting to be sure! Broadway wont be wide enough to hold that lord, even if he takes up both sides of the street at once. What a specylation it would be to make him come to our boarding-house! Mrs. Miggs would make a fortune after it. All the vacant beds would be engaged in no time. Two hundred dollars a week coming in: I would in two years leave off news-collecting and reporting, go to the west, establish a *Polar Star and Beacon of Liberty*, buy land, and go gunning in my own woods twice every day, and all day on Sunday. This now, I take it, is a real white man-servant. I'll see. Stranger, I calculate you were going to tell me what sort of buttons those are.

MARQUIS. Why, they are livery buttons.

SECOND NEWS COL. What on earth is a livery button?

MARQUIS. Why, you must know the Marquis of Wilfulton, that exalted individual whose noble mien and graceful carriage cannot have failed to arrest your attention, is a captain in the Royal Yacht Club, and *I* wear his livery. He is my master.

SECOND NEWS COL. I guess you speak like a slave in the south. There are no masters here. I expect this is a free state.

MARQUIS. It appears to me you think so.

VALET. John.

MARQUIS. That's my name, I suppose. Yes, my lord.

VALET. Look after your lordship's, I mean *my* lordship's, baggage,



and be cussed to you, you idle dog. D'ye think I'm going to wait in this place all day?

SECOND NEWS COL. -What an air of dignity he gives himself, and how neatly he words his oaths. I'll make a leading article of this interview, and call it a "chalk inkling at the Battery." I'll ask him right away to come to our boarding-house. Lord Wilfulton.

VALET. Cut your lucky, you meddling son of a puppy.

SECOND NEWS COL. What does the lord say?

MARQUIS. His lordship wishes you'd not intrude your impertinence.

SECOND NEWS COL. You are considerable of a blackguard, you slavish help you. Where were you raised, you loafing white nigger, speaking our language, and yet neither American nor British. I guess you'll be taught better manners than to prevaricate in that style here. It won't do at all, you unnatural emigrant you, no way you can fix it. Look here, Lord Wilfulton; I keep a most superb boarding-house.

VALET. Do you, sir? I hate boarding-houses.

SECOND NEWS COL. But mine's a real elegant establishment. I can say that. It's a fact, and I give reference to Col. Zwilchenbard, of the "Spirit of '76."\* Only three beds in each room, except in the large dormitory; and an extravagant sight of market stuff every meal hour. As a lord, you couldn't do better than come to my house, no way. Now, if you go to Astor's Hotel, you'll find yourself in a fix. The hundred and fifty boarders there, when they find you're a lord, will be frightfully angered if you don't take a glass each with them, in the bar-room, and a hundred and fifty glasses would draw any man over the line and up Salt River, lord or no lord.

VALET. Why certainly that number would make my lordship as drunk as a lord; but I never interfere with these unimportant matters. Help my man there with the luggage, and receive his instruction.

[*The Valet struts up and down, and then exit.*]

SECOND NEWS COL. That's cool, however, when he doesn't offer to lend a hand himself. I say, stranger, Lord Wilfulton says he will come to my boarding-house if you've no objection.

MARQUIS. D—— your boarding-house.

SECOND NEWS COL. By no means; it wouldn't pay. Don't be fearful. I can tell you it's a real first-rate establishment, in a not-to-be-improved locality, 325, Broadway, not far from Tattershall's horse store. You may be either fastidious or not; the accommodation is equally given out. Chicken fixings as often as you like, the bakings executed by Mrs. Miggs herself, and none of y'r boiled meat, sixteen or seventeen times watered, as they have at the Franklin coffee-house, where they profess to do things on the English principle. Give your consent, and when the lord pays his bill I'll owe you a five-dollar note.

MARQUIS. Really you are very generous. Pray how much a week may your charge be?

SECOND NEWS COL. Will the lord have a bed-room to himself, like some of the other British I've had?

MARQUIS. Most decidedly.

SECOND NEWS COL. But I expect you'll have no such absurd objection to our large fine airy dormitory—three windows in it, and only ten beds.

\* A newspaper so called.

MARQUIS. His lordship and myself are always equally well accommodated.

SECOND NEWS COL. Well, I guess then you shall both have private rooms; but mind, I'll have none of that stupid pride that I've heard some of the lords have, of making their men dine in the kitchen. Mine is a moral family. All my helps are females, and I'll not allow you to go into the kitchen, young man. You must dine with *us*, or not at all.

MARQUIS. I begin to relish his proposal. I shall see some of New York life in a boarding-house.

SECOND NEWS COL. And I'll just advise you, if you take that lord to Astor's, he'll be most particularly ryled sixteen times a-day. He'll have to drink to order, and they'll not let him off with sarsaparilla, soda, and congress water. Not they. Nothing under sangaree, juleps,\* and iced champagne. Every gentleman he refuses to join at the bar will invite him to the Elysian fields.

MARQUIS. Why, they wouldn't murder him, would they?

SECOND NEWS COL. Not exactly murder; but they'd invite him to cross the North River, and fire a few rounds in the Elysian fields in New Jersey state.

MARQUIS. (*Aside.*) I think this change of position I have accidentally assumed may be the most pleasant way of spending a week in New York. The gross attention this man speaks of, shall be lavished on my servant. I'll be a free and independent help. What now would have been the use of bringing over a servant from England if I could not make him suffer martyrdom instead of myself!

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Aside.*) But let me be cautious and spry. They say London thieves sometimes call themselves lords. Stranger, what's your name?

MARQUIS. My name? John, of course. I'm a valet. Time out of mind my name has been John.

SECOND NEWS COL. Where were you raised?

MARQUIS. Raised! What d'ye mean, sir?

SECOND NEWS COL. Where were you located when you were born?

MARQUIS. In Ireland.

SECOND NEWS COL. Don't prevaricate, stranger; you don't talk like an Irishman. I know something of those cattle.

MARQUIS. I *am* an Irishman.

SECOND NEWS COL. Well, that certainly accounts for your being neither British nor American. And you two, profess to be really and truly a lord and his help, neither more nor less.

MARQUIS. Decidedly.

SECOND NEWS COL. Well, then, let us all start for my boarding-house. Where's the lord? Oh, there he is, looking at the floating-bath. These niggers will carry your luggage, or you can engage with a carter. You can help and follow us.

MARQUIS. Look you here, sir—by the bye, what is your name?

SECOND NEWS COL. Miggs, sir; Beniotowski Miggs, one of the reporters for the "Jeffersonian," and boarding-house-keeper, 325, Broadway, not far from Tattershall's horse-store.

\* The word *Julep* is to be found in Fielding's "Tom Jones," where it is applied by Squire Western to some kind of drink. It is now exclusively an American word.



MARQUIS. Well, sir, you must know the marquis is a most singular character—very proud, sir; and he invariably looks after his own luggage.

SECOND NEWS COL. Indeed! What is your department?

MARQUIS. Why, I manage all his lordship's pecuniary transactions; spend his money, keep his accounts, and prevent, as much as possible, his committing himself by gaming, drinking, fighting, etcetera. I am his *factotum*—his travelling-companion and tutor.

SECOND NEWS COL. Oh, then, you are not what one might call a real white nigger?

MARQUIS. Not exactly. But his lordship is very proud, I can assure you. You will see that he will not allow either of us to walk with him, but he will make us walk on before whilst he has an eye to the valuables in those trunks.

SECOND NEWS COL. Now, I *do* just calculate that if I had a male help, I'd make *him* take that department. [Re-enter valet.

MARQUIS. Ah, his lordship is very eccentric. You will see how it will be. Will your lordship order us to walk on, whilst your lordship looks after the luggage?

VALET. Yes; I'll take care that you don't play me your usual trick of leaving the luggage when I don't look after it myself. Walk on, sir, with that man.

MARQUIS. There, I told you how it would be. Come along. His lordship is proud, sir—devilish proud.

[Exeunt Marquis and Second News Col.

*Two or three Niggers who have been watching this scene (lying under the trees) here come forward to examine the supposed lord. The valet stands by the trunks, and the Niggers walk round him.*

FIRST NIGGER. Ha, yah! if this beant a real genooin curoosity ob de ole country! Ha, yah! a markiss! A never seed one afore.

SECOND NIGGER. Dib oo eber see one behind?

THIRD NIGGER. He's not a markiss. A hud 'em call'm a laud a expec.

FIRST NIGGER. Well, a calcyate a laud is a markiss any day. 'Em can't go higher den laud. Duke ob Wellenten's a laud.

VALET. Which of you black fellows will carry this luggage the cheapest?

FIRST NIGGER. Well, a admire dat.

SECOND NIGGER. So do ai.

THIRD NIGGER. Bery good ob de kind ob imperence as 'tis. Shall a call a cart? Onny charge oo a shellen.

*Enter Carter.*

CARTER. I have a clever cart here, sir. One dollar to Astor House for carriage, and twenty-five cents for hauling in and out.

VALET. Well, take them up; and I tell you what, you blackamoors, the next time I come by this here place, if I catch any of you grinning and shewing your ivories in that way again, I'll pitch into ye, and tap some of y'r Dantzic black beer, for you've got never a mug of claret, blowed if I don't.

END OF THE "FARCICAL SCENE."

## THE LEADER'S DEATH.\*

*(From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

"O'ER the creeks the mist is rising,  
From the sail 'tis dripping fast;  
Grey the sky, and grey the water,  
Light the lantern at the mast!  
Hither, with your wives and children,  
Haste to pray'r, and bare the head;  
Hasten, and in yonder cabin,  
You shall gaze upon the dead."

Gliding after him of Boston  
Haste the German lab'ers all,  
And with sunken brow they enter  
Yonder cabin, low and small.  
They, who far across the ocean,  
Seeking a new home have stray'd;  
See the aged man that led them,  
In his shroud before them laid.

He it was who, roughly joining  
Planks of fir, had built their boat;  
For the Rhine it left the Neckar,  
Thence unto the sea to float.  
From the soil his sire had left him,  
He had gone with heavy heart;  
Saying, "Let us form a compact,  
Let us from this land depart.

"Brethren, let us hasten westward,  
Where the red of morn is bright;†  
Let us build our huts, where freedom  
Holds the line, and measures right.  
There, where not a grain can perish,  
Brethren, let us spend our toil;  
There, where he who ploughs may gather,  
Let us gladly turn the soil.

"Where the forest grows the thickest,  
There to set our hearth were well;  
Grant me this,—in the Savannas  
As your patriarch to dwell.

As the shepherds in the Bible—  
Brethren, let us live as they;  
Let yon light that ever beameth  
Be the pillar of our way.

"Yes, its radiance I confide in,  
Sure, our path 'twill rightly trace,  
Joyfully in these my grandsons  
Can I see a rising race.  
As for me, my limbs could moulder  
Here at home; my staff I take,  
Gird my loins, and journey hoping,  
But 'tis for my children's sake.

"Up! and from the land of Goshen!  
Follow, for your path is clear."  
But the aged guide, like Moses,  
Never saw his Canaan near;  
He and all his wishes slumber—  
On the sea he breathed his last;  
Hopes fulfill'd, or disappointed—  
Every choice alike has pass'd.

Now the throng their guide must bury,  
Lost and without hope they feel;  
Silently are mothers weeping,  
Frighten'd babes their heads conceal,  
And the men are gazing vaguely  
Tow'rd the rising, distant shore,  
Where their old and pious leader  
Shall direct their steps no more.

"O'er the creek the mist is rising,  
From the sail 'tis dripping fast;  
Breathe a pray'r, let go the cable,  
Let him in the sea be cast!"  
Tears are flowing, waves are roaring,  
Shrieking loud the sea-mew flies;  
Fifty years the earth he cultured,  
Now in ocean's depths he lies.

\* This poem, though it still shews the author's tendency to fly to a rude nature from cultivated society, is of a more gentle character than most of Freiligrath's. The subject is the death of the eldest of a number of German emigrants, who have left their country for America, and it is one that was familiar to the poet; as from 1831 to 1836, he was in a mercantile house, in Amsterdam, and had an opportunity of seeing many such expeditions. For a very full illustration of the life and characteristics of Freiligrath, I cannot do better than refer the reader to a work now coming out in numbers, called "Deutsche Dichter der Gegenwart," by M. Nodnagel. Before concluding this note I would observe, that the very primitive and almost ludicrous expression, "him of Boston," is exactly given from the original.—J. O.

† This morn is most expressly put in the west, to shew that it is a moral and not a physical morn that the poor old leader contemplates.—J. O.



## THAPSACUS, THE FATAL PASS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE alternate contractions and expansions of a great river, as its waters are narrowed by some bold, rocky channel, or spread over a lower and more level territory, constitute, in the absence of the more stirring incidents of inhabited towns and ports, objects of lively interest in a first navigation. The Euphrates, in its long course, presents many points of view of this description, each having its own peculiarities, as if in rivalry of beauty. The expansions of the Southern Euphrates, with their rich palm-groves, backed by a clear, light, green sky, are softer and mellower than anything in the northern parts of the same river; but the crumbling ruins of ancient times, the historical associations of every step of its banks, and even of its onward flood, lend to the more naked districts a charm peculiarly their own.

The points at which the river is fordable are very few; from its narrowness and other circumstances, there were zeugmas, or bridges of boats, in ancient times, at the northerly points of Rum-Kaleh, "the Roman Castle," and at Birijik (Birtha), where there are ferries in the present day; but in its central portion there is only one ford, now designated as that of the Anaidi, or Bedwins, and it is only available at certain seasons, and that not every year.

This ford, the steamers *Euphrates* and *Tigris* passed over on a first navigation, in the month of May, without difficulty, but the two steamers *Nimrod* and *Nitocris* struck on it, when there was only twenty inches of water, from the months of October, 1841, till February of the ensuing year.

The Euphrates is at this spot full of beauty and majesty. Its stream is wide, and its waters clear and blue. Its banks are low and level on the left, but undulate gently to the right. Previous to arriving at this point, the course of the river is southerly, but here it turns to the east, expanding more like an inland lake than a river, and quitting, as Pliny has previously described it, the Palmyrean solitudes for the fertile Mygdonia.

Taking a boat and native pilot with us, Colonel Chesney and myself went in advance of the steamers to examine this ford. We landed on the right bank, where were the remains of a paved causeway, leading to the very banks of the river, and continued on the opposite side. This causeway is of great antiquity. It is marked on the Augustan and Theodosian tables, and was carried from Auranitis, by Palmyra, to Babylonia; and from Palmyra, by Resapha and Sura, to Carrhæ,\*

\* According to Gosselin, the merchants of Syria and Egypt passed, in ancient times, the Euphrates at Thapsacus, from whence they proceeded, by Ecbatana, to the Caspian gates. The trending of the river Euphrates to the south-east renders the passage at a higher point south of the parallel of Birijik, as at Hierapolis, Balis, or Giaber, of little or no advantage in proceeding eastward; and a barren country extends between the Euphrates and Carrhæ or Harran, Batnæ, or Serug, and Anthemusia and Ischines; but these districts may be reached in safety by Thapsacus and the fertile valley of the Belicha. Hence it will be understood why

Edessa, and more remote countries. When Al Mundar, Christian Prince of Hira, on the Euphrates, was restored by Nurshivan, after his deposition by Kei Kobad, the Gassanite Prince, Arethas, appealed to the Latin name, *strata*, of this paved causeway, as an unquestionable evidence of the sovereignty and labours of the Romans.

A long line of mounds, disposed something like those of Nineveh, nearly in the form of a parallelogram, lay below us to the left, and appeared to be all that remained of the Thiphsach, from whence Solomon had dominion over all the regions on this side the river, even to Gazzah, (1 Kings, iv. 24.) This Tiphshach, or Thapsakhi, "a pass, a passing over, or a ford," of the Hebrews, became the Thapsacus of the Greeks and Romans.

Out of the plain on the opposite side rose the ruins of a castle of more recent times, and the view was terminated by the more distant double ramparts of Rakkah, the ancient Nicephorum and Callinicus, situated where the Euphrates again resumes its southerly course.

I sat upon the greensward above this causeway as the Colonel was making some examinations around, and a feeling of melancholy and deep emotion crept over my mind as I inwardly contemplated the different fortunes of those who had crossed, as invaders, conquerors, or in flight, this celebrated ford of the Euphrates. As each passed in review, the fatality attached to them appeared to become more striking, and so characteristic as really to appear, by a strange superstition, to belong to the place.

First came the hosts of Xerxes, speeding their onward way to overthrow a young and rising civilization. The combustion of Athens, and the engagements of Salamis, Plataea, and Mycale, stand among the list of fatalities produced by this invasion from across the Euphrates.

The misled Greeks and barbarians collected by Cyrus the younger, for the purpose of overthrowing his brother Artaxerxes, followed in the van. Cyrus, in his march in Asia Minor, by Sardis and Celænæ, followed the footsteps of his predecessor, and crossed the Euphrates at the same point. Thapsacus is described by Xenophon as being then a large and flourishing city. It was here that the troops were first informed that they were going against the Great King. Xerxes, who, according to Herodotus, crossed the Hellespont by a bridge of boats, in which one was tied to the other, had constructed a similar one at Thapsacus, but this was destroyed by Abrocomas on the approach of Cyrus. Anxious to shew his allegiance, Menon first led his gallant Thessalians across the stream, the waters of which did not reach above the men's breasts. The whole army followed the example thus set to them, and the flattering Israelites declared that the river was never fordable before, and that it visibly submitted to Cyrus as to its future king. And

Crassus and Galerius, who were going east, took the same road as the armies bound to Babylonia. Hence, Ammianus describes Nicephorum, as in the time of Julian, a strongly-fortified and commercial city, and hence its importance under the Khalifate and the early Turks. Gibbon must have had Xenophon's description of the country south of the Chaboras in his mind, when he describes the district intervening between Nicephorum and Carrhæ as "a smooth and barren surface of sandy desert, without trees, and without fresh water." Nothing can be farther from the truth. The districts of Carrhæ and of Batnæ are everywhere fertile and productive, and constitute the richest rice-granaries of Mesopotamia. They were the first territories seized by Ibrahim Pasha after the defeat of the Turks at Nizib.



what was the result?—the death of Cyrus on the plain of Cunaxa, killed probably by his brother whom he had just wounded, and the disastrous but memorable retreat of the ten thousand Greeks!

The favourite mistress of Cyrus, Milto by name, but whom, in honour of her wit and beauty, he designated his Aspasia, crossed the Euphrates with the army, and was left behind as an apple of discord. Beloved by Artaxerxes, she was asked of him by his son Darius, on the occasion of his being declared successor to the throne, and when it was customary to ask a favour which was never refused. The king told his son, that, if she consented to be his, he should not oppose it; and Milto declared in favour of the son, which so displeased Artaxerxes that he doomed her to perpetual chastity in the Temple of Anaitis, the Diana of the Romans. This exasperated Darius to such a degree that he conspired to put his father to death; but his design being discovered, it ended in his own destruction, and he became the second princely victim of the passage of the Euphrates.

The unfortunate Darius, surnamed Codoman, advanced by Thapsacus, to resist the invading legions of Alexander; but defeated at Issus, he was allowed to retreat leisurely and destroy the bridge, while the Macedonian hero besieged Tyre and advanced into Egypt. Alexander arrived at Thapsacus on his way to subject the Oriental world. He crossed the river, according to some, by means of a double bridge, attached at the opposite side of the river; but according to Arrian, by a succession of boats, slung crosswise, and retained in that position by great osier panniers, full of heavy stones, sunk in the stream. The connexion between the boats was then established by means of two planks carefully tied together. It appears that he afterwards crossed the Indus by a bridge of contiguous boats, after the Persian fashion. Darius was miserably murdered by Bessus, and Alexander himself died, subsequently, in a sadder manner, at Babylon. This event changed the fate of the existing world. The foundation of an empire, with that ancient city for its centre, was—by an intervention of Providence, somewhat similar to that which ensured the first dispersion of nations—frustrated, and its different territories broken up among his rival generals.

Alexander, as was his custom, celebrated his successful passage of the Euphrates by founding a town, which he called Nicephorum, the "City of Victory." And under the Seleucidæ, Thapsacus was embellished and adorned, and became Amphipolis. Four centuries afterwards, Trajan offered oblations at the grave of Alexander; and a century later, Severus sealed up his desecrated tomb.

The next who came to pass the fatal bridge was Crassus, the haughty representative of the Roman republic in the east. Ominous events had foretold evil on his quitting the despoliated Hierapolis. His son had fallen; and he stumbled over him at the gateway of the rich and sacred city of the Syrians; and this event, combined with other ill omens, had filled his mind with melancholy. Dion Cassius relates that Crassus crossed the Euphrates at Zeugma; "thus the place was called from the expedition of Alexander the Great, who crossed here." Plutarch says he began his march along the side of the river, hence he no doubt went to Nicephorum, from whence he could follow the Bilecha, the ancient Carrhæ, or river of Anthemusia, and the "royal river" of Strabo, to the city of first name, and which is the same as

the Harran of Scriptures. But after quitting the river, he was led astray by the wiles of Abgarus, the Armenian chief of Edessa: and the events of Carrhæ (*Carrhæ clade Crassi nobiles*) determined that the fate of the next trans-Euphratic invader should not differ from the others.

“ ————— by his miserable death, Crassus  
 Stained with his Latian blood the Assyrian Carras.”  
*Lucanus, lib. i., ver. 104.*

His death was effected by the treachery of Surenas, a short time after the battle in which the unfortunate father had seen his gallant son's head carried on the victorious spears of the Parthians. “ This misfortune is entirely mine,” said he to his dismayed troops; “ the loss of one person cannot affect the victory. Let us charge—let us fight like Romans: if you feel for a father who has just lost a son whose valour you admired, let it appear in your rage and resentment against those insulting barbarians!” But it was too late.

Dion Cassius, in his account of the wars of Trajan, will admit of no other interpretation than that the Emperor, after sending for his materials for boat-building to the woods of Nisibis, constructed his fleet on the Tigris, and sailed down that river. But this narrative is positively contradicted, by Trajan's visiting the bituminous pits of Hit and the ruins of Babylon on his way, as related by the same authority; of his having also intended to make a canal from the Euphrates to the Tigris; and still more particularly, by his having dragged over his vessel from the former river to the latter; all these transactions having occurred previously to his construction of a bridge across the Tigris for the purpose of attacking Ctesiphon.

Many considerations point out the Chaboras—the modern Khabur—as the river which would alone present the combined advantages of a recipient for his boats, as a branch flows past Nisibis, and a means to convey them down its waters to Creusium.

It appears from Xiphilinus, that Severus invaded Babylon and Seleucia from the same points. He went to Nisibis, which had been a short time previously besieged by the Parthians, and vigorously and successfully defended by Letus. He then sailed upon the Euphrates, which he must have joined, like Trajan, who was his example, at Chaboras, with all expedition, attended by a great number of vessels. The circumstances of Nisibis, on the one hand, and Creusium on the other, being so long limitrophal towns of the Roman empire, is strongly presumptive of their being made the points of departure in incursions carried into the neighbouring countries. Trajan and Severus thus escaped the fatal passage; and appear also to have avoided the oft-inflicted penalties.

The unfortunate young Antonius Gordianus passed the river at the same point, in successful pursuit of the Persians, only to be assassinated by Julius Phillipus, surnamed the Arab. The tomb of the emperor was still visible in the time of Julian, in an olive grove a little south of the Chaboras.

In the third year of the reign of Diocletian, Tiridates, son of Chosroes, was invested by the Romans with the kingdom of Armenia. Notwithstanding the valour of the Armenian, who had received his education among the Roman legions, he was ultimately overcome, and expelled the country by Narses. Galerius was sent by Diocletian to



his assistance. He led his troops across the fatal passage, and was defeated on the plains of Carrhæ. At the return of Galerius, commenced those civil wars which ended in the overthrow of the empire of the West, the supremacy of Constantine at Byzantium, and the miserable death of Galerius.

Julian next led the most numerous army that ever accompanied the Cæsars to Persia, across the Euphrates, at this too celebrated passage. He had been accompanied from Antioch to Hierapolis by the learned Bishop of the last-mentioned place; but the arguments of the Christian prelate were listened to, while disregarded, by the apostate king, notwithstanding the sad omen of the gate of the holy city falling upon, and killing fifty soldiers.

Passing the Euphrates, he went to Carrhæ, where he sacrificed to the moon, a masculine deity among the low Latins. It had always been so in the East: the Men of the Egyptians and Cappadocians being a masculine deity. Even after the established supremacy of Diana, many, who thought that by adoring the moon as a female it might contribute to certain matrimonial inconveniences, continued the traditional form of worship. The Arabs still speak of the moon (Gama) in the masculine gender.

Julian was, at this period, much disturbed and troubled with dreams, and another bad omen occurred. The day of his march from Carrhæ to the Chaboras, the temple of Apollo Palatine was burnt at Rome. Referring, as Ammianus relates, to the acts of Trajan, he took boats at the mouth of the Chaboras, and descended the Euphrates, when his fleet was nearly destroyed by a hurricane from the desert, on which occasion many boats were sunk and many lives lost. This occurred at Anah. A definite engagement took place on the plains of Ctesiphon, when Julian was mortally wounded. The Christians relate that he threw the blood, streaming from his wound, into the air, exclaiming, in vexation of spirit, "Hold, Nazarene! there is enough to satiate thee!" But the Pagan historians make no mention of such an occurrence. The fatality attendant upon this passage of the Euphrates did not end here, for Jovian, the successor of Julian, perished on the retreat, at Dadastana, a small town on the frontiers of Bithynia and Galatia.

The first time that Nicephorium is mentioned as Callinicus is in the account given by Eutropius of the campaign of Galerius. This, to a certain extent, lends force to the statement made by Valesius, that it was so called because Callinicus, the sophist, was slain there; for this Callinicus, surnamed Sutorius, lived in the time of Galerius; but in the chronicles of Alexander, it is said to have been so named after Seleucus Callinicus.

Thapsacus also became Sura in the time of the Roman Cæsars, for it is so called by Pliny, and afterwards by Ptolemy. It is so written in the tables; and in the Notitiæ of the Oriental empire, it is called, "*Flavia firma Sura*." The site is still designated as Suriyeh.

With the rise of Muhammedan power, Callinicus became Rakkah, "the White," or "the Illustrious," to distinguish it from Rakkah, the Dark, or Obscure, a large village lower down the river. Harun al Rashid built himself a splendid summer palace at this place, where he was accustomed to dwell with his favourite wife, Zobeidah, "with

great delight." The remains of this palace still adorn the precincts of the city, and are a beautiful specimen of Saracenic architecture. The building is polygonal; and in the interior, tapering columns rise up to spring off with groined arches in the characteristic horse-shoe form. The walls are richly ornamented and painted with arabesques; and the peristyles and ceiling are also beautifully ornamented with arabesques and fretwork of exquisite workmanship. Interlined are the words, *Wala ghalib illa lla*—"God alone is conqueror," and extracts from the Koran. The visitor feels himself as if magically transported into one of the fairy palaces described in the *Arabian Nights*, yet the material is but hardened mud, and the style has evidently no more remote origin than the tented habitations of the wandering tribes. Harun al Rashid collected around him here the literature and learning of the age; and among them was the chieftain of *Batnæ al Bategni*, a distinguished astronomer, who computed new tables superior to those of Ptolemy. Rakkah became also a favourite residence of the Khalif al Mamun, under whose direction an arc of the meridian was measured on the neighbouring plains. This was the Augustan age of the Arabs.

Rakkah is surrounded by an outer fosse, now crowded with foxes and jackalls, and two battlemented walls, the outer one lower than the inner. There are only two semicircular towers at the south-east and south-west angles. There are four gateways, rather ornamental. The interior contains three piles of buildings; all the rest is desert, and tenanted by large lizards (monitors), two feet and a half to three feet in length. One of these piles was the palace; the other the college, having eleven arches supported by caryatid pilasters. There was also a tower, fifty-eight feet in height, rising out of this building. Near the gateway, called that of Timur the Tatar, are the ruins of a guard-house. Outside the walls are the remains of a mosque, and of a square tower, resembling the one at Carrhæ; also, ruins of a castellated building, and of a khan.

At the decline of the Khalifat, Togrul Bey, the first of the Seljukiyan sultans, having driven the Arabs before him, crossed the Euphrates at Suriyeh, and was invested at Rakkah, as conqueror of the Gasnevites, and in great solemnity, with the title of Khalif, which comprehends the concrete character of prophet, priest, and king; and is used to signify, the Vicar of God. This was a fatality of a most serious complexion—it was the first and earnest step to the overthrow of the Byzantine empire, and led the way to, at the present moment, four centuries of Muhammedan domination in Europe.

Suleiman, one of the noblest of the Turkish tribe of Oghuz, and the great ancestor of the Osmanli Turks, migrated from Khorasan, at the head of 50,000 souls, and arrived at the fatal passage. Muhammedan enthusiasm was scarcely ever attended by much prudence or caution. The bridge had long ceased to exist, and Suleiman threw himself on horseback into the current, to shew the way; but both were carried away by the stream and drowned, and the body of the Turk chief was with difficulty recovered. It was taken reverentially, and buried under the marble walls of *Kaleh Jaber*, by tradition one of Alexander's forts, and one day's journey to the north of Thapsacus; but beloved by Muhammedans as the seat of a *tekkiyeh*, or monastery, of the



Sheikh Abou Bekir. Sultan Selim, of the Osmanli dynasty, afterwards built a mausoleum over his remains, at a place still called Mezar Turk—"the tomb of the Turk," a distinctive appellation seldom used. An Oriental poet sang Suleiman's death, in allusion to his impetuous anger at the obstacle which the river presented to his march :—

" Since he the river Saile did not love,  
He in that very river met his death."

Timur Bey, our Tamerlane, next besieged Rakkah, but being defended by a double wall, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, to effect its reduction. Breaking up the siege to all appearance, he took his departure, leaving behind him only such superfluous baggage as could be supposed to be dispensed with by a discomfited army. This was taken into the town by the rejoicing inhabitants; but it contained soldiers, who the same night opened the gate, still called that of Timur, to Tatar troops, secreted in the neighbourhood, and waiting this opportunity.

Thus Timur secured the passage of the Euphrates, boding fatality to the pride of Bajazet, who was led about imprisoned in an iron cage. He had carefully preserved throughout the whole course of his life the dust which in his expeditions had stuck to his clothes, and at his death he beseeched the bystanders, with direful imprecations, to make a brick of it, and place it in his coffin under his right arm, instead of a cushion, adding, that it was in fulfilment of the Hadiz, or sacred saying—"If any man's feet have been sprinkled with the dust of the path of the Lord, him will God preserve from hell fire."

From an inscription which we found at Rakkah, it appears that the walls were repaired, and the city embellished by Sultan Suleiman, son of Selim, in the year 1090 of the Hejira. This was the same sultan who first extended the Osmanli dominion to Baghdad and Mosul, or to the limits of the Tigris.

I was aroused from this long reverie by a call from the Colonel, and found that the steamers were approaching. We had no time to explore Thapsacus more closely; but crossing a plain cultivated by the Weldah Arabs, arrived at another promontory, from whence we took boat to intercept the steamers. Opposite to us, and far out in the stream, there rose a gigantic isolated mass of rock, called Hadjar Rasas, and resembling, but not so large as, the Baba Kai, or "Father of rocks," near the iron gates of the Danube. The steamers were plying their rapid course onwards, the *Euphrates* leading the way, by a mile or so; and we soon began to give up all hopes of fetching her, and intended making away for the *Tigris*, when she lay to, and we happily reached our own berths.

Was it connected with the same fatality, above related, that, twelve days after passing this ford, the *Tigris* steamer was lost in a hurricane, when nineteen persons perished, and our commander was saved by providence alone?

## THE NECROMANCER.

BY MISS SKELTON.

HE sat beneath a cresset's ray, in a dark and lofty room,  
 With eyes and hair of raven black, and brow of midnight gloom ;  
 I stood before that mighty seer—I brought him gems and gold—  
 "All this shall be thine own," I cried ; "do thou my fate unfold."

"Lady," he said ; and as he spoke, his voice was soft and low,  
 As singing winds that through the trees in summer evenings blow ;  
 "Take back thy wealth—take back thy gems ; I do not need thy gold ;  
 For the sake of thy bright eyes alone will I thy fate unfold."

"But first I ask thee,—hast thou strength beyond the strength of man ?  
 Courage to see the past return—the coming hour to scan ?  
 Canst thou behold them *all* pass by, with brow and lip unmoved ?  
 They, the deceiving or deceived ! the loving and the loved ?"

And then I answer'd, "Mighty seer, draw thou the circle round,  
 I have strength beyond the strength of man—I dread not sight or sound ;  
 I would but see my mother's shade, fair as on earth she moved—  
 I would but see mine own true knight—the loving and the loved."

Then thrice he drew the charmed ring, three times the incense flung,  
 Till o'er us both a smoky cloud of sable darkness hung ;  
 And, when the darkness pass'd away, forth from the opening gloom,  
 My mother's gentle form appear'd in all her vanish'd bloom.

As one up-risen from deep sleep, her look was strange and wild—  
 She gazed upon me as I knelt ; but did not know her child.  
 The gloom return'd—the figure pass'd, back to its long decay ;  
 "Now shew to me mine own true knight—my lover far away."

Again the charmed ring was traced, again the incense flung,  
 Again the smoky cloud around in thickest darkness hung ;  
 Again the darkness clear'd away, beneath an open sky,  
 Gazing upon my pictured face, I saw my lover lie.

"Well hast thou done, oh, mighty Seer ! the present and the past  
 Have both been mine. One trial more—the greatest and the last :"  
 Then spoke the Wizard,—“Now will I thy coming fate unfold ;  
 One little month shall pass away—look ! what dost thou behold ?”

I saw *myself*—all pale and wan ; my dark and floating hair  
 Fell o'er a face most sad and changed—a face that once was fair ;  
 I saw my lover—holy saints ! that guile like his should be !  
 A fairer bride was by his side ; he did not think on me !

I could no longer keep the vow to mark all things unmoved ;  
 I could not see him pass away, unloving, though so loved ;  
 But with a wild and bitter shriek, I started to my feet ;  
 I cross'd the ring—I stretch'd my arms, my faithless love to greet.

Loud yells arose, above, around—I faint—I swoon away ;  
 But I have waken'd from that trance, I hail the light of day.  
 Ah ! sister mine, thou weep'st sore ; my lover—where is he ?  
 "A fairer bride is by his side ; he doth not think on thee !"



## THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"I laid my account with seeing my play appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments."—*Smollett's Preface to "THE REGICIDE."*

## VII.

MOST of our readers are aware of the untoward circumstances which attended the production of Colman's drama of the "Iron Chest"—that the essential incidents of the piece were taken from Godwin's novel, ("Caleb Williams;") that it was first represented at Drury Lane Theatre in March, 1796; and that the event was disappointment and failure; upon the cause of which great diversity of public opinion was let loose, though the mind of the author was at least free from any embarrassment of doubt, as appeared by a "*Preface*" to the publication of the above—a production which at the time excited very general and animated attention.

That Mr. Colman might have had many grounds for regret, and some for complaint, the very subsequent success of this drama is a sufficient proof; but nothing surely could justify an attack on Mr. Kemble, which, for loud invective and an impudicious use of *local* language, (for the first time, then, the weapons of a gentleman,) is certainly entitled to the distinction of the "memorable." That a rhapsody so furious should seize on public attention was no matter of surprise; but attention may be engaged without approbation making one of the party. We are amused at the fury of the man more than we admire the science of the combatant, and are not with great difficulty led to believe that he who could pen so impotent a piece of reasoning might possibly have written a play not worth the acting.

Into the cause of the dispute itself we do not enter. Its interest passed away with the moment that begot it. Satisfied we are that no provocation can acquit Mr. Colman either of doing violence to his friend or injustice to himself. As he was not nice in respect of implements of offence, it is the more mournful that he should have been without a triumph; for triumph this was none, except with those who, like himself, could mistake fury for argument, and "calling names" for the pungency of satire.

No sooner was Elliston safe in Colman's hands than the manager disclosed his purpose—namely, the resuscitation of *Sir Edward Mortimer* in the person of *Robert Elliston*.\* Having taken some liberties with Mr. Colman's Preface, we must now, in justice to the drama itself, pursue its history to the close. The "*Mirror*," a great theatrical authority of the time, had pronounced this play to be beyond all hope; that it was a very defective piece of work, which under no circumstances could possibly make a permanent stand. But the experiment Colman was resolved to make—the magic lamp he was determined to possess; and on looking round for a fit instrument to his project, fixed on the young *Aladdin* he had purposely enticed to London. Elliston was of

\* Many were the poetic germinations on the Colman and Kemble case—the best, perhaps, a quotation from the Roman Satirist:—

" ————— populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in Arcâ."

an ardent, but not a presumptuous temper. *Hamlet* he had regarded with becoming diffidence of his immature powers, and the proposition now made to him of rescuing from the very grave a subject which the faculty had pronounced beyond all cure, and emphatically given over by the great *Paracelsus* himself, inspired him with no slight sensations of fear.

Having played *Octavian* on the 12th of August, and repeated it on the 22nd, he resumes his correspondence with his uncle:—"Here am I once more in London, and have again paid my respects to a London audience, by whom I have been received with renewed, with increased demonstrations of welcome. Colman's '*Iron Chest*,' which has made some noise in the dramatic world, is published, and with it a '*Preface*,' or a *prescription*, which the author no doubt intended for Kemble's malady. You will be much diverted with it. The '*Iron Chest*' is now to be performed at the Haymarket, and I am fixed on to take the character of *Sir Edward Mortimer*. It is thought by many a bold attempt, but by none more so than myself. If this succeeds, it will do greatly for me; if it fails, the blame will remain where the public voice has already declared it—on the play and the author. Young Bannister, eaten up with spleen, has positively refused my repeating *Sheva*, which he claims his unalienable own; and as I do not think it prudent to perform *Hamlet*, or indeed anything I could not confidently offer to the public, I am at a stand. The '*Iron Chest*' engages all my attention—I am already in the stirrup of my purpose—wish me, dear sir, success."

The morning of the 29th arrived. Never had Elliston felt himself more depressed, not even when at Hull he believed himself abandoned by his revered relative. Bannister had not treated him kindly of late,—the words of a respectable journal, speaking of Elliston's *Sheva*, rankled perhaps in his memory, "We may set it down as one of the first exhibitions of the day,"—so that Elliston began almost to sour at that success which had purchased him the "slings and arrows" of distempered friends. He remembered Colman's words, "A new play redoubles the hazard to a new actor." How disheartening, therefore, had become his present chance! He almost fancied this manager-author was sacrificing him to the desperate hope of his own extrication. The state of his nerves was something like that of a young barrister on the first day of term, having "to move" in a court as yet unconscious of his accents. A thousand times did he wish the "new trial" were already granted.

A full house and loud encouragement greeted the appearance of the Haymarket *Sir Edward*, which, like the first shot in the field, freed his spirit from its bondage, and he entered gallantly on the fight. The experiment was adequate to the purpose—Colman's object was fully accomplished, and Elliston's fame in a considerable degree advanced. The play met with success, the chief performer with approbation and applause, and from that moment the "*Iron Chest*" became a stock-piece in the acting drama!

The "*Mirror*" now found itself in an awkward predicament. Fain would it still declare, "No looking-glass was half so true!" but its face became not a little wavy, and gave a somewhat distorted line to the features, like some of those cheap glasses which hang about the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. The "*Mirror*"—a Kemble reflector—had



hitherto represented Elliston in rather showy colours; but now, although brighter hues were before it, it had been breathed upon by some interest or other which materially dimmed its surface. But Elliston, who by this time had himself manifested sundry inclinations for "taking another glass," was constrained for a moment to accept the goods the *gods* provided. The paragraph is curious:—"Had Mr. Kemble played *Mortimer* infinitely better than he did, the 'Iron Chest' would, nevertheless, have been condemned at Drury Lane." (It has been acted at Drury Lane a hundred times since with success.) "Had Mr. Elliston not played half so well as he did, the 'Iron Chest' would have been successful at Mr. Colman's *own theatre*." (The insinuation is clear; the charge easily made; but does the history of the piece for forty years bear out the assertion? Had its success been the work of "*claqueurs*," the pages of the "Iron Chest" had long since gone to the trunkmakers.)

Elliston, of course, transmits the earliest intelligence to his uncle. "I have played this part," he says, "at a fortnight's notice; and the 'Iron Chest,' by the spirited exertions of the performers, has been entirely successful. For myself, I feel I have been equal to many of the points, but know, at the same time, my deficiency in others. This I must endeavour to supply. Our author is delighted—talks of a very great triumph; nor do his looks belie him. I am, consequently, in high favour—too high to remain long on the wing."

The "Iron Chest" was acted every night from the 29th to the last of the season, with the exception of those appointed for actors' benefits. For his own, Elliston played *Romeo*—a free benefit, by which he cleared 204*l*.

But not merely with the young and ardent, to whom novelty is as the very dayspring of existence, had Elliston become an object of interest, but he shared also the regard of those in whom passion is said to wait on the judgment, and sobriety to approve the whispers of imagination.

Of the mature class to which Bath had long been a haven and a refuge, was a Mrs. Collins, a widow lady, who, having here buried her husband three years since, with whom she had lived in tolerable peace for full thirty, was content to make the experiment of her viduity in the same place which had yielded her so fair an average of connubial profit. Mrs. Collins was a respectable, well-meaning woman; though sometimes falling into errors to which good intentions are notoriously prone. She had, however, one peculiarity, which, as it ran into extremes, we fear we must place in the catalogue of sins; and this was, that she never destroyed, parted with, or lost sight of anything which had ever once passed into her possession. Not that she was a niggard: on the contrary—she was liberal with her means and generous in her sentiments, but she was incurably possessed with the acervatic spirit of *hoarding*. Neither note, slip, scrap, bill, nor account had she ever sentenced to the flame: however trivial the document, however perished the occasion, the senseless record was still enrolled in her "*Cottonian*" museum. "Mr. Jones will see Mr. Fitz Simons at two o'clock this day," she had already preserved for twenty years; prospectuses of schemes never carried into effect; shop cards of parties long since in the "*Gazette*," London Directories previous to the days of Wilkes, and hallowed almanacs nearly coeval with herself. Saddles

and stoves, frames of pictures and remnants of carpet ; locks of doors and stoppers of decanters ; injured Daphnes and noseless Strephons ; spectacle-cases and snuffer-stands ; boot-hooks and bell-wires ; old turn-pike-tickets and wine-corks.

This well-saved, heterogeneous mass, occupying sundry attics, and yielding but little rent, the good widow at stated periods deemed it necessary to overhaul and examine. Taking stock in an extensive retail concern was a trifle to this job—it was her occupation for days—the whole went through the operation of fresh pepper for preservation, and new labels for inventory ; and according to Elliston, who was ever mightily amused with the original, she had actually an old jack-weight brought once a-year before the kitchen fire, to be well aired and made comfortable with the other articles.

With this besetting propensity to conservation, it may be well supposed that she guarded with Papistic zeal every relic of her sainted husband. There was his wig, his hat, his walking-stick, and every thread and button that had encased his perishable form. In fact, she had saved all things but him.

But these eccentricities destroyed not the more sterling quality of Mrs. Collins. She had the interest of her young friends really at heart. Mrs. Elliston she always valued, and Robert William she sometimes admonished. This she did occasionally by letter ; and though we do not consider her grave exhortations so necessary to our readers, as the object to which she addressed them, we cannot refrain from giving one or two examples, which constitute, in fact, so positive a part of the history of our subject itself.

The following characteristic epistle Elliston received before leaving Bath—addressed, “ Milsom Street :”—

“ I am always in *terror*, my dear young friend, when I hear you are to dine at the houses of *those* who love to *push the bottle*, and think robbing persons of their *reason* is an evidence of *hospitality*. In this class is Sir J. Cope—and I deem it a kind of duty to let you into his *character*. Beware of going a second time to the ‘ Harmonic ’ with a head full of *discord*. I heard, with concern, the *dispute* you got into ; but forbore defending you to Mrs. E., lest *she* might really have heard *nothing of the matter*. When your enemies (*for so they are*) would lead you *astray*, repeat to them your own constant expression, ‘ *professional people should be cautious*. ’ What is become of Mr. Foote ? Pray let me know if he is to perform *again*—I have a particular wish to see him, *because* he was recommended to Mrs. C. Brownlow by Colonel Greville.

Your faithful friend,

A. C.

“ P.S. The benefit tickets which were *not used* I have *put by*. ”

Not many days after the first representation of the “ Iron Chest ” at the Haymarket, Elliston received offers from both Mr. Harris and Mr. Sheridan. The latter gentleman, having appointed to breakfast with him, was *so far* true to his engagement, but arrived in Frith Street at a quarter before six o'clock P.M., just seven hours after the time that had been named. Sheridan, however, immediately entered on the business of his mission, and appeared extremely anxious to see this new star shining under the dome of Drury Lane Theatre ; but Elliston, a newly married man, his wife settled at Bath, in partnership with Miss Flemming under a bond of 500*l.*, and himself the paramount



favourite as an actor in the same place, was not easily persuaded to the project. He therefore made such proposals to Sheridan as he pretty well knew could not be acceded to—namely, 1000*l.* to be paid down—the forfeit sum of his articles with Dimond, the penalty of the bond in respect of his wife, “and in conclusion,” a large weekly salary for his own professional exertions. Besides which, his preference would have been decidedly in favour of Covent Garden, as he fancied better security for payment would be there forthcoming—a consideration which we trust our readers will deem reasonable enough. The result was, that Mr. Harris proved the successful bidder—his proposal being, that Elliston should play twelve nights in the course of the season; to receive 200*l.*; and in the event of his being found greatly attractive, to be paid an adequate additional sum.

In the meantime, our new acquaintance, Mrs. Collins, again addresses him. Like Mr. Gore, she was a nice observer of manners, and, like him, passionately fond of the drama:—

“Ashley Grove, August 19, 1797.

“DEAR FRIEND,—I have heard with *pleasure* from *sweet Mrs. Elliston*, who *kindly* enclosed a paragraph from the “*Oracle*,” which gave me *infinite satisfaction*. As you request me to become your *monitress*, I do not think I should discharge the trust *faithfully*, unless I were to transmit my sentiments as you may give occasion for them, lest by *delay* they might be *too late* to be *useful*. I have been perusing the part of *Colonel Fainwell*, with much attention—and it strikes me as *one* calculated to portray your powers and versatility to *great advantage*.

“But on a subject infinitely of *greater importance* (no less, my young friend, than the preservation of your *health and morals*), it now behoves me to say a *few words*. You will readily believe I wish you to consult Mr. C.\* on *theatricals ONLY*. Avoid being led by *him* into *convivial parties*, which may be ruinous to your *purse*, and, above all, to your *peace of mind*. Be wary of *him* when the *playhouse doors* are *shut*! Of his *abilities* I think *highly*, and therefore wish you to talk with him on your performing *Belcour* and *Don Felix* on the *stage of the theatre*; but on the *stage of life* have as little to do with any of them as *possible*. I am pleased to hear you are to appear in *Walter*. You outshone *Bannister* in *Sheva*, and may do no less in *Walter*. If it be *practicable*, I will attend on *your night* at the Haymarket, therefore let me have your *bill of fare*.

“In a *few hours*, I set off for *Bath*, where I hope to find *Mrs. Elliston* and my pretty *god-daughter*† well.

“Believe me, my dear friend, your faithful well-wisher,

“ANNE COLLINS.”

“To Mr. Elliston,  
Frith Street, Soho, London.”

### VIII.

On the 21st of September, 1797, Elliston made his debut on Covent Garden stage, in the part of *Sheva*. His observant friends had long confirmed the opinion of Tate Wilkinson—namely, that too frequently he had wanted power, and they were consequently not without some apprehension that he might not be fully successful in so large a theatre.

\* Colman.

† Eliza, Elliston's first child, born at Bath, May 22, 1797.

But in himself he had better confidence; the hint he had taken wisely, and had so cherished the very necessary faculty to metropolitan excellence, that he opened new beauties in the impersonation of this character, and produced an effect that, while the most sanguine were taken by surprise, the backward and unwilling confessed he was indeed an actor. The night's receipt, amounting to 258*l.*, was welcome as summer to Mr. Harris; and on Elliston's repeating the part on the 28th, the amount was 300*l.*—on the following evening he acted the same character at Bristol! On the 9th of October, after repeating *Sheva* at Covent Garden, the bills announced that the proprietors of the Bath Theatre had consented that Elliston should perform in London once in every fortnight throughout the season, and that his subsequent characters would be those of *Philaster* and *Don Felix*. On the 26th, he played *Douglas*; and on the 16th of November, Elliston acted *Sheva*, by command of their majesties. On the 24th of the same month, he appeared in *Philaster*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the same title, as altered for William Powell by the elder Colman in 1673.

On Elliston's being announced for *Douglas*, Colman writes a hasty note to him, saying, "I don't much admire this schoolboy, water-gruel *Douglas*—he will not advance you; and I am decidedly averse to *Don Felix*. I have more than hinted to Mr. Harris he should not run you out of wind. 'Slowly and sure—they stumble who go fast.' *Philaster* should be a hit."

"*Philaster*" is a piece of bilious mosaic, compounded in a great measure of the ravings of *Hamlet*, the jealousy of *Othello*, and the turbulence of *Posthumus*—requiring a versatile abundance of mental and physical power for the stage illustration of character. Elliston's success in *Octavian* and *Mortimer* suggested, no doubt, the probability of a "hit" in this new part; and though he seems to have aimed with good success in those passages wherein tenderness and suspicion alternately prevail, yet, on the whole, it does not appear that *Philaster* was one of his triumphant undertakings. The receipt to "*Philaster*" was only 148*l.*—the play was not repeated, nor did Elliston's name appear in the Covent Garden bills after that occasion. He acted only seven nights, for which he received 200*l.*

Elliston again settled at Bath; Colman renews his correspondence with him—"All I shall observe," he says, "of your Covent Garden business is, that never was so promising a child so ill nursed. Your letter bears with it an air of disappointment; but you are so unused to this, that trifles seem to upset you. I must see you fighting under my banner in the summer; but as you cannot be with me throughout the season, how can I, my dear Elliston, write a part for you without injury to the theatre on the whole? I must apply whatever strength of authorship I have while you are away; and when you come to town, you in your own person will be attractive in the old pieces. I am now deep in the business of a new comedy;\* as far as I have proceeded, there is nothing which I think would suit you—it is all sock, not a shred of buskin—nor can I introduce anything likely to shew you off to advantage. The cut and dry you can still make palatable. I am for *Macbeth*! Open my booth on the 12th of June."

After some further correspondence, the Haymarket engagement

\* This was the "*Heir at Law*."



being fixed, Elliston—as fond of rest as an armadillo—desirous, no doubt, of the *repose* attendant on a state of theatrical proprietorship, from what he had seen in Colman's affairs, proposed to himself no less than a similar indulgence. Mr. Palmer, the principal shareholder of the Bath Theatre, had just served the office of mayor of that city, which he carried through in a most expensive and spirited manner, and was conjectured, at this moment, to be in want of money—this Elliston thought a good opportunity for endeavouring to effect a part purchase of the theatre. Measures were taken for this object, and his most conciliatory uncle agreed to advance the funds necessary. But Elliston's calculations appear to have been erroneously made: the offer was not entertained by the other parties; and although year after year he renewed his advances, yet his proposals were never accepted. When, however, the new theatre was building in 1805, he fancied himself sure of his object: his offers were not rejected—but so many obstacles were raised, that he finally abandoned the project altogether.

Mrs. Elliston—in all things a good example—gave pleasing indications of “Lucina's” favour, or in other words, of a thriving wife; and in the Master's consent, by letter, to become godfather to the daughter already born, he observes, “I had fancied the period arrived in which I should not again appear in the character to which you have invited me; and you may doubt the wisdom of your choice when, in all probability, before the damsel is able to reply to the first words of her catechism, I may not be found to put the question.”

Elliston now took a spacious house in Pulteney Street, estimating that he should stand rent-free by letting off part of it—a calculation on which so many similar successes have been built, which, like fortunes made on the slate, appear at the outset so natural and easy.

Owing to the lateness of the Bath season, Elliston was not able to join the Haymarket company before the 9th of August, when he made his appearance in his favourite *Octavian*. His reception was highly gratifying. He seemed to have surmounted the prejudices even of the enthusiastic followers of Kemble in this part, and obtained credit for that which always charms—originality. The great improvement he had attained was, a certain energy which had before been wanting; for the taste of Elliston had so little affinity with the vulgarity of rant, that he would not unfrequently rein up the impulse of passion whilst bounding to the goal of some powerful effect.

Having next played *Sir Edward Mortimer*, he appeared in the part of *Walter*, in “The Children of the Wood.” Here Elliston had the same obstacles to contend with as in *Octavian*—namely, stepping into a character rendered singularly attractive by a living popular actor. Bannister had justly acquired a perfect command over the feelings of the auditor in this part of *Walter*: his acting was natural, simple, yet deeply impressive; a part, also, in which he was constantly before the public. The stand, however, which the Bath actor made was greatly flattering—“Elliston's *Walter* was only inferior to Bannister's because it did not precede it,” said a great theatrical authority; but although the pathos of the part was a material which he was expected successfully to deal with, perhaps he was somewhat too stilted for the impersonation of lowly and familiar scenes—“*Difficile est communia dicere*”—it was the pathetic of tragedy, not comedy. This, like all Elliston's previous attempts, was no copy—confirming his reputation as an original actor.

Elliston, "the child of fortune," was now in a fair way of becoming a man of fortune; for not only was he making money, but what is more rare, he was saving it. The sensation, also, he had lately produced, rendered him quite "the observed" of the gay metropolis; so that he was nearly as much courted by the *elegans* of London as he had been at Bath itself. But London affords a vast variety of scenes to lads of metal, other than the halls of science or the chambers of the polite—many places which young men, not absolutely "content to dwell in decencies for ever," would just like to *witness once!*—scenes which, being fortunately hidden from the world, and loving darkness rather than light, are sometimes sought under the most curious plea which was perhaps ever advanced—namely, of *seeing the world!* Thus your "good sort of man," stroking his boy's forehead, observes, "the lad should see everything, that he may know what to avoid!"—in other words, "We will lose no time in making him acquainted with folly; so that if he never acquires anything else, he shall at least be accomplished in that."

But to proceed: there existed at this period (1797), as now, in the neighbourhood of the theatres, certain conventions, yclep'd "clubs," which, though not containing the peculiar essence of Will's, or the precise quality of Button's, had yet an essence and quality of their own. Here was no narrow eligibility or invidious proscription; "order," in fact, under every denomination, was totally irreconisable—their doors, like a box of charity, were open to the whole world, *pro hac nocte*, on the payment of sixpence. These were frequented chiefly by a class of persons who had but one plan in life, which was, to give over work the first moment they had earned enough to get drunk for the remainder of the week. One of the principal establishments of the above kind was the "Court of Comus," which had laid its foundations in Wych-street, whereof a certain choice spirit of the name of Desborough was rated to the poor; or in other words, the landlord. This Desborough, as dull a rogue on most points as any in Christendom, was yet famous by a kind of concentration of genius, the light whereof became more vivid by the illimitable stupidity by which it was encircled. This outrageously stupid man was famous, in fact, for doing one thing well—well! surpassing, in sooth, any effort of the "Court of Comus" itself—and this was, singing Dibdin's song of "Fortune's Wheel!"

Stupid Desborough was, in truth, so far before all rivalry in this song, that Charles Dibdin actually sought him out, with another tap-room *Apollo*, known as Dick Mason, to give him assistance in his musical olios. Desborough most hopelessly failed in everything but "Fortune's Wheel;" and as for poor Dick, he succeeded in nothing.

But to return to the "Court of Comus." Precisely at nine o'clock p.m. by the chimes of St. Clement Dane, the doors of this sanctuary were thrown open to devotees, who, like crabs, moved only at night, and the "Flamen" of the sanded floor (Cussans) ascended the curule chair, before whom, a pickled herring, some strong waters, and an ounce of tobacco, were regularly placed. This celebrated youth was the son of an opulent West Indian, and educated at Marylebone school—an indubitable genius; but like Farmer Ashfield's horse of that name, "he would never work." Cussans had, in fact, many opportunities of mixing in the best society, but the company he preferred to *mix with* was a cordial far more suited to his taste.



" A lion cub, of sordid mind,  
 Avoided all the lion kind;  
 He loved the cellar's vulgar joke,  
 And pass'd his hours in ale and smoke."

Cussans lodged at a baker's, as it afforded him the means of getting in at any hour of the four-and-twenty, except on Saturdays, when he never went home at all. Sims, another lad, hopeful as young Filch himself, occupied one room of a tenement in Dark-House Lane, the door of which, for the sake of light and air, had not been shut for forty years; and Hawtin, the trumpeter and *stone-eater*, with one Smith, a glass-eyed clarionet-player, constituted the "leaders" in the "Court of Comus."

On Cussans' taking the chair, the official club cocked-hat, resembling very nearly that of Billy Waters, was handed to him by the serjeant-at-arms, Sims, and the moment he placed it on his head, "the kettle to the trumpet spake," and the court was declared sitting.

The first thing, as we have heard, was "Fortune's Wheel." Then the renowned Cussans, the court improvisatore, gave a *canzona*, in which, with some ability, he identified each visiter present; afterwards, in turn, every one present was separately called on to *do something*. This "doing something" was imperative, except, indeed, that indulgences and absolutions might be purchased—but these, though always marketable, were placed considerably beyond the reach of the generality of sinners, the price for each being half-a-crown. "Doing something" implied either a song, a speech, poisoning a tobacco-pipe or coal-skuttle; an imitation of cat, dog, or fowl, posturizing, or the more classic feat of quaffing to the dregs the pewter Amystis\* of some potent compound.

" Qui canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora."

Each actor had his turn, and each effort its short pre-eminence, till drink alone was triumphant, which, like the sole survivor of the fray, claimed the mown field his own.

On gala nights, Cussans, as the clock struck twelve, from a god, descended, like Jupiter himself, into a beast,—not, indeed, as a rampant bull, but as a *dancing bear*! The scene of riot was thus conducted:—Sims, the bear-leader, beating the bottom of a pewter pot with a marrow-bone, threw a lasso about the loins of Cussans, now rolling in the sand, whilst Hawtin and Smith accompanied the exhibition with other signs and sounds fitting the occasion. The belluine judge, nobly sustaining his part, which, like *Smug*, the joiner, he might "do extempore, for it was nothing but roaring," danced, whirled, evolved, till the poor excitement which drunkenness had produced left him at length as lifeless as an unburied corse.

" Man differs more from man than man from beast."

The insane exploits of Cussans would occupy a volume; but as it would not be that we meditate, we dismiss him with one further anecdote, to shew the keenness of his perception. On one of these occasions, when each spectator had been called on to "do something," an extremely well-attired spectator, who had taken his place in the vicinity of a person, evidently a stranger, was about commencing some characteristic "agendum," when up rose the presiding Cussans himself, and thus addressed the assembly:—"By the rules of this institution, each indi-

\* "Amystis," a capacious cup, which to drain off at one breath was accounted a glorious piece of drunken Greek valour.—See *Hor.*, *Ode xxxvi.*, lib. i.

vidual is called on to do something whereby he proves himself worthy a seat in this fraternity. The gentleman before me has already passed a most creditable examination, and is entitled to exalted honours, for, if I mistake not, his neighbour, on making an appeal to his coat-pocket, will find a snuff-box missing, which, perhaps, the *Count Fathom* in my eye may be able to account for." It is needless to add, this address produced the desired effect, and the pickpocket was forthwith kicked out of court, a punishment which, in the judgment of those present, he richly deserved; not for the strength of the theft, but, like the Spartan lad, for his weakness of concealment.

In this idiosyncrasy, Cussans had also a singular and conceited regard for his word of promise. This, whether given under a false representation from others, forced at the very point of the bayonet, or filched from him in the moment (the many hours!) of intoxication, he still invariably regarded. Having been reminded that, on one of these occasions, he had promised to hire himself as a pot-boy to a neighbouring house of call for wits, he actually entered on the ignoble service, at the "Red Lion," in Russell-street, for one entire month, at the expiration of which, he gave notice to his retainers that a "Lodge" would be held at the "Court of Comus." The procession of his manumission quitted the blushing lion at a certain hour—Sims, Hawtin, and others, occupying the interior of a hackney-coach, and Cussans, *ipsissimus*, in a harlequin party tire, perched on the roof—Desborough preceding, and, of course, singing "Fortune's *Wheel*!"

On another occasion, a review of troops taking place in Hyde Park, before the King and Prince of Wales, Cussans procured a military uniform and charger, and having effected his way on the ground, actually joined the royal party as they were passing along the line. The distinguished stranger attracted presently universal attention, his mock-heroic aspect and imperturbability of deportment bade defiance to the gravity of the whole staff, and shook the nerves of as gallant a brigade as ever entered the field.

Cussans was also a considerable actor; he played frequently at Sadler's Wells, generally choosing *Sneak*, in the "Mayor of Garratt," as he was much celebrated in the character song of "*Oh! Poor Robinson Crusoe!*" In this song, he had as many "encores" as he pleased; and on a certain evening, having sang it three or four times, the curtain drew up for another part of the night's entertainment, when, to the astonishment, but still greater delight, of the Sadler's Wells' auditory, Cussans started up from the very centre of the shilling gallery, vigorously singing "*Oh! Poor Robinson Crusoe!*" nor would the *Wellsites* suffer the drama to proceed till he had again sung it twice from the same spot.

Poor Cussans! brandy was his death, and water his grave, for he died on his voyage to a softer climate, and was buried in the deep.

Such were the "clubs"—such the "Court of Comus!"—*ex uno*, &c., and such was the place (we confess it with a blush) where Robert William, oblivious of dear Mrs. Collins, "when the playhouse doors were shut," satisfied his young curiosity. Shaking his plumes from the incumbrance of rule, and unbuckling the heavy breastplate of decorum—here, amongst the "free and easy," we track the footsteps of our adventurous hero, but (as the "bills" express it) "for this night only"—at least, we hope so—and will therefore leave him to all the gratification the adventure can afford.



## LA GROTTA DEL CANE.

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

THOUGH year by year, and day by day,  
Tourists to Naples bend their way,  
The lions to espy there;  
E'en when the beauteous spot they view,  
'Tis strange indeed how very few  
Feel any wish to die there.

See *Napoli*, the proverb says,  
Then be resign'd to end your days,  
But this they wont consent to;  
They'd rather live, and parties make  
To Baïæ and the Lucrine lake,  
Pompeii and Sorrento.

Each sunny morn they start away,  
Hiring a carriage for the day,  
Not over clean or roomy,  
With minds made up by turns to see  
Castel-à-mar and Portici,  
Vesuvius and Cumæ.

Some miles beyond Posilipo  
There is a lake, which, ere they go,  
Few strangers fail to visit:  
'Tis not the lake that tempts them there,  
'Tis not the scene, so still and fair,—  
Then, you may ask, *what* is it?

It is—I almost blush to write—  
Anxiety to see a sight,  
Which none should e'er take part in,  
Who look on dogs with kindly eyes,  
And with their sorrows sympathize,  
Like worthy Mr. Martin.

To see a cur, all skin and bone,  
Howl, kick about with pain, and moan,  
But not once only—ah! no,  
Fresh doses of mephitic air  
He sniffs, to please each *forestier*  
Who visits lake Agnano.

And yet, connected with this spot,  
There is a legend, which may not  
Be found by those who hurry  
From place to place, from dawn till dark,  
Whose only guide is Mrs. Starke  
Till they can get a "Murray."

And e'en to these at home, who read  
The "Idler" or the "Invalid,"  
Perhaps unknown it still is;  
On this theme Mrs. Trollope's dumb,  
Eustace and Forsyth both are mum,  
And so is N. P. Willis.

Once on a time, long, long before  
Tourists first sought the classic shore  
From Washington and Moscow,  
When folks knew nought of Italy,  
Nor of the great De' Medici  
Immortalized by Roscoe;

When of the wonders to be found,  
As well above as under ground,  
Knowledge was very scanty;  
When English dames kept house at home,  
And never thought of seeing Rome,  
Nor dreamt of reading Dante;

When, bord'ring *Napoli's* fair bay,  
The eye could trace no Chiaja gay,  
No proud Chiatamone;  
'Twas then there lived and died a man,  
(No kin to the historian,)  
One Stefano Giannone.

No fortune's favour'd child was he,  
Yet shall his name remember'd be  
Beyond the passing hour,  
As one who loved the "good old plan,  
That they alone should keep who can,  
They take who have the power."

In short, he was a robber bold,  
His home a secret mountain-hold,  
Which e'en *la polizia*,  
Though they tried hard from day to day,  
Could never find, for where it lay  
They'd not the least idea.

One morn, his carbine at his back,  
He climb'd a barren mountain-track,  
Intent on plunder wholly;  
Paused once his trusty gun to load,  
Then cross'd the heights above the road  
From Naples to Pozzuoli.

Beside him crept an ugly cur,  
A lean, ill-favoured terrier,  
With no good point about him  
As far as passing glance could tell;  
Yet bold Giannone prized him well,  
And couldn't do without him.

For though he *was* a shocking fright,  
Yet he could shew his teeth and bite  
Whene'er his master told him;  
And growl, and fly at friend or foe,  
No matter which, nor e'er let go,  
When Stefano cried "Hold him!"

With hurried step and watchful eye  
The robber strode on silently,  
Nor dreamt of danger nigh him,  
When suddenly he heard a shout,  
And, ere he well could turn about,  
A bullet whistled by him.

One hasty glance around he threw,  
Then with sure aim the trigger drew,  
Nor paused another minute,  
But bolted swift as lightning's flash,  
Thinking he'd settled *some one's* hash,  
Or else the deuce was in it.

Scarce had he many paces fled,  
When from some brushwood popp'd a  
head

Most fiercely warlike, as 'tis  
By universal (stage) consent  
The custom still to represent  
The "army" of Bombastes.

Up came some half-a-dozen more  
Bearing their leader, wounded sore,  
Who, while his musket cocking,  
Had, ere Giannone turn'd to run,  
Been brought down by as sure a gun  
As that of Leatherstocking.

They laid him on the grass hard by,  
To take his chance, and live or die  
Alone, for duty tore them  
Away, to give the robber chase,  
Whose flying form they still could trace  
Some hundred yards before them.

But the *gendarmes* had met their match,  
Thinking the brigand chief to catch  
They nearly caught a Tartar;  
They ran, but he had got the start,  
And though their pace was pretty smart,  
Yet Stefano's was smarter.

And he could run and fire too,  
A feat they tried in vain to do,  
Dame Fortune seem'd t' assist him;  
*His* shots all told, but strange to say,  
Though in their turn they blazed away,  
Yet every bullet miss'd him.

Straining each nerve to keep the lead,  
And putting on new steam and speed,  
A bright idea cross'd him—  
A scheme, to gain both breath and time:  
He darted on, they saw him climb  
A hill, and there they lost him.

They follow'd close upon their prey,  
The lake Agnano 'neath them lay,  
Their path was rough and stony;  
But down they scrambled, one by one,  
And by the lake they found a gun,  
But nowhere Giannone.

They stopp'd and stared in mute surprise,  
Open'd their mouths and rubb'd their  
eyes,

In meditation moody:  
No wonder if they *did* look glum,  
'Twas hard to lose so rich a sum,  
Five hundred Roman *scudi*.

Uncertain whither next to go,  
They wander'd slowly to and fro,  
With little hope to cheer them,  
When all at once a dismal howl,  
Something between a bark and growl,  
Resounded very near them.

Another, and another too—  
They paused, half doubting what to do;  
Then, taking Teucer's motto,

*Nil desperandum*, for their guide,  
They traced the sound, until they spied,  
Scarce ten yards off, a grotto.

Not built of shells, nor clothed in green,  
As in our gardens oft are seen,  
Which ladies take a pride in:  
No work of art, but rude and bare,  
Not lined with ore and pebbles rare,  
But just the place to hide in.

And there poor Stefano was found,  
Holding his dog's head to the ground,  
With many a vain endeavour  
To silence him, for still he growl'd,  
And kick'd and plunged, and bark'd and  
howl'd,  
More savagely than ever.

The soldiers rush'd upon their prey,  
And then began a fierce affray  
Ere they could seize and bind him:  
Full many a blow he dealt around,  
Until they bore him to the ground,  
And tied his hands behind him.

But while they held him, stooping low,  
Exulting o'er their prostrate foe,  
Whose coolness still provoked them,  
From the damp earth an odour rose  
Of sulphur, filling eyes and nose,  
That very nearly choked them.

They cough'd, and sneezed, and groped  
about,  
Sprang on their feet, and hurried out  
With senses far from steady,  
Like men benighted in a fog,  
*Gendarmes* and brigand, but no dog,  
For he was dead already.

To Naples, with triumphant air,  
They bore the robber chief, and there  
To "durance vile" convey'd him;  
While in that cavern drear and dark  
Lay the poor dog, whose luckless bark  
Unconsciously betray'd him.

From ear to ear the tidings flew,  
And people came the spot to view  
Whose wondrous hist'ry thrill'd them;  
And brought their dogs to ease all doubt,  
Taking good care to pull them out  
Before the sulphur kill'd them.

Ere long, a shrewd and cunning knave  
Hard by the entrance of the cave  
Took up his daily station,  
And volunteer'd, (a fee to win,)  
*Presto*, to let his dog go in  
For a "consideration."

And still, as every traveller knows,  
Each tourist to *la grotta* goes,  
With Starke for *cicerone*;  
They see a dog half-choked, but few  
Think, while the lake and cave they view,  
Of Stefano Giannone.